

Lancia

It's like feeling well-dressed

I was looking for a strong, rugged car with good performance. It had to be a car that would take the whole family and plenty of luggage for holiday travel. After I got myself a Lancia, I discovered yet another optional extra that I hadn't paid for: that feeling of being well-dressed. (But I only discovered that afterwards. Honest!)



Tel Aviv — Tolcar Co. Ltd., 32 Rehov Hamaagar, Tel. 03-333538, 03-337838.
 Jerusalem — 8 Rehov David Hamalech, Tel. 02-225522.
 Haifa — Car Ltd., 63 Rehov Hameginim, Tel. 04-515392.
 Rehovot — 221 Rehov Herzliya, Tel. 054-51482.
 Beer Sheva — 103 Rehov Mordechai Haghettai (near Rehov Ha'atzma'ut) Tel. 057-38813.
 Netanya — Musachi Mirczi Ltd., Tel. 053-23037.
 Herzliya — M.A.H. Ltd., 84 Rehov Sokolow, Tel. 03-885778.
 Haifa — Musachi Aharonby, Shechunat Bialik, Haifa —, Tel Aviv road, Tel. 063-31218.

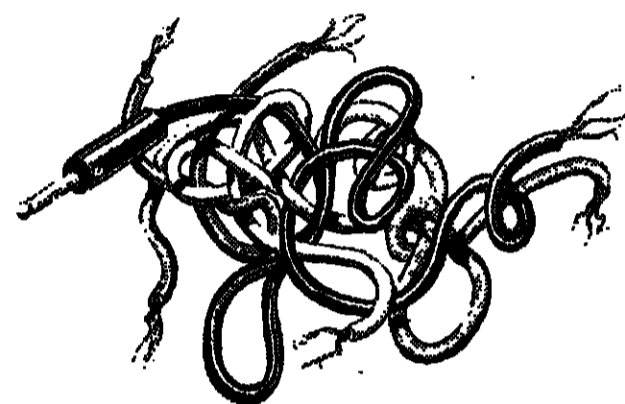
Suez wreck

page 6

THE JERUSALEM
POST
 MAGAZINE
 Friday, August 17, 1979



A NERVE CENTER DOESN'T HAVE TO GET ON PEOPLE'S NERVES



TADEX 60

The World's Most Accomplished Computerised Telecommunication System

Join the thousands of offices and businesses in Israel, the U.S. and 17 other countries throughout the world, who enjoy pleasant, leisurely telephoning thanks to their TADEX 60 private telephone exchange.

TADEX 60 — An original Israeli development that made a hit on world markets.

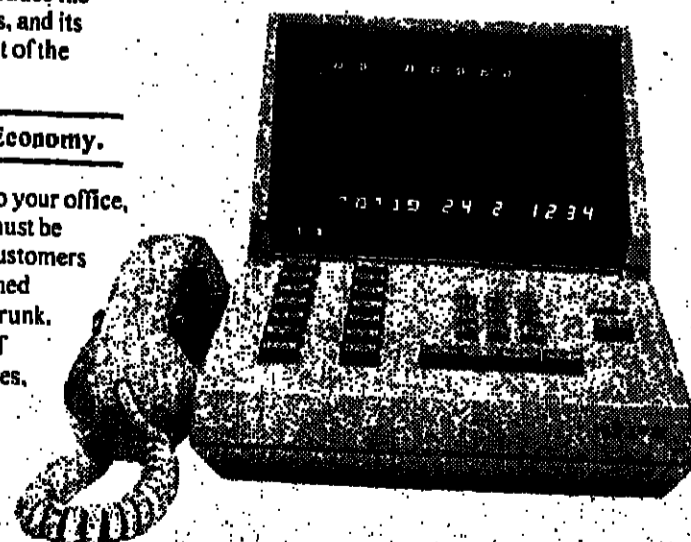
TADEX 60 is produced by Tadiran according to strict American standards and specifications. It is distributed in the U.S. and all over the world by General Telephone Electronics under the name GTE-60. TADEX 60 is approved by Israel's Ministry of Communications.

TADEX 60 — The smallest of them all.

Sophisticated technologies, using microprocessors and microelectronics, combined to produce the smallest telephone exchange ever. This, and its attractive styling, make it look like part of the interior decor wherever it is installed.

TADEX 60 — For Efficiency and Economy.

The efficiency TADEX 60 will bring to your office, the time and money it will save you, must be experienced to be believed. No more customers kept waiting on the line, no more strained nerves trying to place a call or seize a trunk. TADEX 60 is the undisputed leader of Tadiran's family of electronic exchanges, which also includes TADEX 124, GTD-1000 and GTD 4600.



TADEX 60 — A Package of Capabilities.

Using an ordinary telephone, TADEX 60 enables you to:

- forward calls
- take part in conference conversations
- camp your call on a busy trunk or extension
- call up to 32 subscribers from any extension by dialing abbreviated numbers
- block local, interurban or international dialing from selected extensions
- and many more

TADEX 60 — It grows with you

If your organisation expands, TADEX 60 is modular and can easily expand with it. Just plug in as many circuit cards as you need.

FOR DETAILS, DEMONSTRATIONS AND EARLY DELIVERY PLEASE CONTACT:

— Tadiran Telecommunications Division, 18 Hasivim St., Industrial Zone, Petah Tikva
Phone: 03-928585, 03-928612 (Sunday through Thursday)

— In Haifa and Northern area: Sverlophone Ltd. 88 Herzl St., Haifa
Phone: 04-668141, 04-668142

— In Jerusalem area: Ayelet Tikshoret, 3 Yanai St., Jerusalem
Phone: 02-222808, 02-224697



TADIRAN
Israel Electronics Industries Ltd.
Telecommunications Division

In this issue



Cover drawing: The wreck of the SS Danraven, by Shlomo Cohen.

	Page		Page
Mark Segal examines the Rabin-Peres affair in the light of psycho-politics.	4	Excerpts from a new book by Jonathan Raban on life inside the Arab oil states.	12
Hirsh Goodman joins in investigating the secrets of a wrecked ship in the Gulf of Suez.	6	Joan Borsten interviews Blanche Baker, the young actress who played the part of Anna in the TV "Holocaust" series.	15
Wim van Leer describes his last meeting with Southern Lebanon's Christian militia leader, Major Haddad.	8	The Book Section. Reviews include studies of political anti-Semitism in England between the two world wars, Palestine Jewry and the Arab question after the Balfour Declaration, and Karl Marx's attitude to Judaism; novels set in Ireland at the end of the 18th century, British India in the mid-19th century, and West Point and Harvard in the late 1900s. The new chiller by the author of "Jaws."	17
Yaacov Ardon puts the case for the rehabilitation of the Old City of Acre.	10	The Art Page. Meir Ronnen devotes himself to some books on Japanese art.	22
		The Dry Bones weekend cartoon.	23
		In the Poster Pullout: On the Town with Lynda Schuster (D); Dance by Dora Bowden (E); Book, etc. (F); Media Week (G); TV and Radio schedules (H); Chess (J); Matters of Taste (K); Cinema reviews (L); Ephraim Kishon (M); Bridge, and a study of crosswords (N); Cartoons by Michal Yudelman.	

Laromme Tel Aviv Surprises Again:

A NEW APPROACH TO ENTERTAINMENT DINNER SHOW WITH DANCE

- Tzemed Reim • A chamber orchestra • Juanita Smith
- Evening of Yiddish songs • Isaac Steiner and Group

New in Israel

Every evening, the Laromme Hotel, Tel Aviv, offers a gourmet dinner* created by Austrian chef Erich Latzelsberger, with music for dancing provided by an orchestra. After dinner, a floor show is presented for your enjoyment. Come to the Laromme dining room for a combined gastronomic experience and evening of entertainment.

IL700 per couple — includes dinner, floor show, all taxes and service.

* Served at 8 p.m.

The Programme

Saturday

Jazz improvisations classical and popular themes.
ISAAC STEINER AND HIS GROUP

Sunday

Soul Music
JUANITA SMITH AND HER GROUP

Monday

Hasidic evening with TZEMED REIM

Tuesday

Music from musical shows and films.
ISAAC STEINER AND HIS GROUP

Wednesday

Yiddish Evening
MYRIAM FUKS
NIRA RABINOWITZ

Thursday

Chamber music evening
Israel Chamber Orchestra, Ramat Gan.



LAROMME HOTEL, TEL AVIV
Charles Clora Park Rd. connecting Tel Aviv-Yafo



SOMETHING DIFFERENT IS HAPPENING EVERY EVENING AT THE LAROMME TEL AVIV HOTEL

IF HE DID NOT exist, the Likud would surely have invented him. Yitzhak Rabin is the best news for the troubled Begin government in a long time, coming to the rescue like the proverbial water-carrier succouring travellers lost in the desert. By refreshing our memories of Labour's declining years and its leaders' internecine warfare, Rabin has made even Ariel Sharon's antics an iota less insufferable.

The former premier has been his successor's favourite opposition MK for some time now, and their constant exchanges of compliments from the Knesset podium have verged on a political flirtation.

The Likud's rejoicing at Rabin's unrestrained attack on Labour Party chairman Shimon Peres is more than understandable. They are clutching at the former premier's reasons for seeking to disqualify Peres from the premiership and will surely include them in their election propaganda. Undoubtedly a plaque will be unveiled one day in Beit Jabolinsky, paying tribute to Rabin's contribution to the Likud's efforts to stay in office.

There are some people in Labour who have come round to the view that Rabin would not be all that unhappy if the party failed at the next elections, if only to dash Peres's prospects.

What remains for investigation is whether this was all his own self-destructive work, or whether he was put up to it by a third party that would profit from Rabin neutralising Peres.

Rabin's behaviour has taken us into the realm of psycho-politics. Having lambasted Peres with a series of labels such as "inveterate intriguer" and "utterly unfit to be premier," Rabin has only himself to blame if the public is thereby reminded that Ezer Weizman charged that Rabin was unfit to be prime minister.

In his book, *On Eagle's Wings*, Weizman wrote that Rabin had a tendency to react badly under pressure. He recounted the story of how, as deputy to Rabin, he found the then chief-of-staff at home in a state of collapse on the eve of the Six Day War. Weizman resisted Rabin's pressure to take over command and they agreed to tell Premier Eshkol and his cabinet that Rabin had had an "attack of nicotine poisoning." In 1974, Weizman sought to dissuade Mapai veterans from picking Rabin to succeed Golda Meir as prime minister, arguing that his behaviour under pressure rendered him unfit to assume responsibility for the nation's fate.

This passage apparently does not appear in Rabin's autobiography *Service Diary*, which *Ma'ariv* is serialising. One interesting point is that the ghost-writer for both books — Weizman's and Rabin's — is the same man, *Ma'ariv's* Dov Goldschmidt.

RABIN'S octogenarian relative, David Hacohen, has already remarked on the strangeness of a man of only 55 publishing his autobiography. To judge by the excerpts we have seen so far, it is less of a literary or political document than an act of psychotherapy. Rabin has moulded it into a kind of ritual scapegoat, with the difference that it does not bear his own sins, which he never admits to, but those of others.

There is a mediaeval dimension of hatred and vengeance about it, with the author not above modifying the facts to suit his pur-

pose. The first instalment in last Friday's *Ma'ariv* contained his version of the circumstances leading to the suicide of Housing Minister Avraham Ofer. It is an exercise in disimulation.

Haim Zadok, who was justice minister at the time, has already issued an outraged rebuttal of Rabin's attempt to put the blame for that tragedy on Aharon Barak, by charging that the then attorney-general was dilatory over producing police evidence about the corruption charges originally levelled against Ofer in *Haolam Hazeh*.

Rabin accuses Barak of having "submitted to the popular mood, to the mob." He mentions that at one stage, he (Rabin) was informed that the police had ruled as unfounded 32 of the 38 charges against Ofer.

"I asked that Ofer, who was quite broken, be told of this," writes Rabin, "but Barak in replying told me: 'You are allowed to tell him, but if I am asked, I will say that it is not the case and that I cannot confirm the premier's statement'."

There is no indication later on in this passage that Rabin took the trouble to call Ofer to tell him what had happened or about the information he had received from the police. No, Rabin did not think of sticking out his neck in that particular case.

BARAK, as a Supreme Court judge, cannot come out and defend himself publicly; but Rabin's expectation that his readers will take as entirely objective any comment by him about the man who, as attorney-general, prosecuted his wife for their illegal bank account in Washington, D.C., may be naive.

Rabin also implies that former Rafi circles — and thus Peres — were behind the campaign against Ofer, which was begun by that most anti-Rafi magazine, *Haolam Hazeh*.

A glance at the newspapers of the time reveals reports of a top-level Labour meeting held at Rabin's home a few days before Ofer's suicide. The meeting was called to discuss the appointment of the chief of the Alignment machine for the 1977 elections. Ofer had been the boss of the 1973 election apparatus, and expected to be reconfirmed. But his appointment was opposed, largely by former Mapai leaders, particularly Golda Meir, and by former Ahdut Ha'avoda politicians.

Ofer was not advised of the meeting, and only learned from the press that he had been passed over in favour of Haim Bar-Lev. It was this abandonment by his old comrades that helped to break Ofer, but Rabin writes:

"The press and the unholy system of holding a man guilty before the police file charges ... brought him to his end. At his graveside I could not remove my eyes from the hypocritical masks of Ofer's adversaries, who had put on faces of mourning."

RABIN MIGHT have enhanced his credibility had he conceded on any occasion that he reached the top as a function of the Mapai old guard's last-ditch stand against Ben-Gurion's disciple.

In historical perspective, Rabin may be regarded as one of the late Pinhas Sapir's final misjudgments. Not having been in the Yom Kippur cabinet, he was regarded as uncommitted and a voting draw; so after serving briefly as a labour minister in Golda's last administration, Rabin was produced by Sapir to

END OF A SABRA MYTH

Yitzhak Rabin's dramatic charges against Shimon Peres have taken us into the realm of psycho-politics, says MARK SEGAL, who points out the former prime minister's own responsibility for the Labour Alignment's fall from power.



trump Peres, once the Big Man had resolved not to play the game himself. Yet though Rabin might occupy the premiership, Golda remained the unforgiving leader of the party, which must have further increased Rabin's sense of inadequacy.

Nevertheless, if we consider the present government's internal relations and its record, we must regard as remarkable the achievements of the last Labour government in the face of the constant tensions between the governing trio — Rabin, Peres and Allon in the political-security field. They were overshadowed by its failings in the socio-economic sphere, which helped expedite its downfall.

After all, following the Yom Kippur war, the army was rebuilt; national morale did pick up; the northern border was sufficiently stable to allow for the opening of the Good Fence; another interim agreement was reached with Egypt; U.S. support increased, and the Entebbe rescue mission was mounted.

For those perceiving that period through the prism of psycho-politics, the Rabin cabinet might be seen in terms of heirs competing for the favour of the impeccable matriarch. From the outset, Rabin bent to Golda's will, starting with the exclusion of

Abba Eban from the Foreign Ministry, thereby satisfying both her appetite for revenge and his own feud with Eban, dating from his term at the Washington Embassy.

He inherited from Golda a faithful aide like Eli Mirachi and a first-class successor at the Embassy in Simha Dinitz, yet when left to his own devices revealed a gift for the wrong appointments. He chose the controversial Yaacov Halfon as his counsellor for party affairs (and we may yet be hearing of Halfon's services to Rabin when he comes up for trial with Shmuel Flatto-Sharon on corruption charges). Then he picked Rehavam Ze'evi and Ariel Sharon to be his aides on counter-terrorism.

He set in motion the process that led to Labour's losing control of the World Zionist Organisation by nominating Yosef Almogi as its chairman. Not only did Almogi prove a most unsuitable choice for the job, but his desertion of the Haifa Municipality in mid-term caused many erstwhile Labour voters to switch in the next mayoral elections.

Here again Rabin showed his penchant for nursing pet hatreds by resisting advice to invite Abba Eban to head the WZO, which would have been universally hailed throughout the Diaspora.

Rabin's most notorious nomination was undoubtedly that of Asher Yadin for the government of the Bank of Israel. It is more than two years since the Yadin case dominated the headlines and became the *célébrite* of the 1977 election campaign, serving the Likud as a prime lever with which to remove Labour from power.

Rabin's ineptitude as a politician was amply demonstrated when he formed an unnecessary cabinet crisis with the Ministers over their protest against his reception to welcome the F-15s, which broke into the Sabbath. By throwing the net out of the coalition, Rabin not only brought about early elections, but assured the ascendancy in the NRP of the pro-Likud youth faction, thus ending the "partnership" with the religious party that had kept Labour in power for three decades.

WHAT HAS ANNOYED some members of Rabin's cabinet is his bid to rewrite the history of the Entebbe drama. Not only does he claim in his book that Peres did not bother to initiate an examination of a possible military rescue operation during the first 48 hours, but, as he told his TV interviewees, "I was the first to suggest military action. Defence Minister

Peres did not." But those knowing the details of the steps leading up to the dramatic rescue mission reject Rabin's version. Any of the books already published about Entebbe will demonstrate Rabin's attempt at retroactive adjustments of the facts.

Without having recourse to the documentary proof that Peres was the hero of the 1976 mission, providing the inspiration and the political backing for the military echelons, we have the evidence of three members of the cabinet unit set up to decide on the Entebbe issue. Haim Bar-Lev, Haim Zadok and Gad Yacobi (the other three were Rabin, Peres and Allon) have publicly rebuked Rabin this week, giving Peres the credit due to him. The two senior military men involved — Motta Gur as chief-of-staff and Benny Peled as commander of the Air Force — have both praised Peres's predominant role in setting up the rescue mission.

I have it on unimpeachable authority that Rabin dithered for days and as late as Thursday, July 1, dismissed the rescue mission idea at an internal consultation as likely to be "our biggest Bay of Pigs."

NOWHERE DOES Rabin suggest that he may have been at fault and that his own actions caused the Alignment to fall from power. No: the blame lay elsewhere, even in the matter of the illegal bank account which caused his own resignation.

In his dramatic resignation broadcast, he failed to tell the nation the whole truth about the bank account he and his wife had maintained in Washington after he ceased to be Israel's ambassador there. While he admitted that at the time the existence of the account was disclosed in *Ha'arets* there was \$2,000 in it, and that they had "in fact \$10,000 abroad in various forms," but in the court case it transpired that more than \$20,000 was involved. Rabin writes:

"Six months before the bank account came to light, a well-known Israeli journalist conveyed information to one of my aides according to which certain elements in the Labour Party had come to know about the account and intended exploiting it against me when they saw fit. They even despatched an investigator to Washington who had a contact in our Embassy and was supposed to assist him disclose the account. Why did I not order the account's closure at that juncture? I simply ignored the information. It was a tragic blunder on my part." But not a word of remorse about the breach of the law.

Perhaps Rabin's obtuseness is not simply a personal characteristic, but also the characteristic of a whole group of some of Israel's founders. They risked their lives in war, but they also saw themselves as belonging to a privileged class to which certain things were due and to whom the laws of the land need not apply.

In many ways Yitzhak Rabin, as we see him in mid-August 1979, represents the end of one particular sabra myth. They were supposed to be the new Jews nurtured on new ideals of comradeship and honesty. Instead, they emerged as spoiled sons of the pioneering generation — spoiled because power came to them too easily and because they were allowed to get away with bending the rules — that is, if they were conformist enough. □

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1979
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE
PAGE FIVE

WITH "TEFAHOT AD 120" YOU GET MORE: UP TO 18% GRANT

IMMEDIATE LINKED INTEREST BEARING TAX-FREE

Don't accept less — save with BANK TEFAHOT Israel Mortgage Bank Ltd.

Handwritten signature or note in a box.

FOR 103 YEARS the wreck has remained on the ocean floor, becoming encrusted in coral and gradually merging into the surrounding topography.

Some two years ago, however, while soundings were being taken for possible oil deposits in the Gulf of Suez area, the charred remains of a ship were discerned lying in about 100 feet of water. It took over a year of intense research to discover the identity of the vessel which — together with the ocean bed upon which it lies — will be returned to Egypt in a few weeks' time as Israel continues its stage-by-stage withdrawal from Sinai.

Nobody knows for sure what will be returned with the ship. Perhaps priceless treasure; perhaps nothing at all. A team of divers is working against the clock to extract the answers to these questions. The chances are, however, that the mystery of the SS Dunraven will remain unsolved.

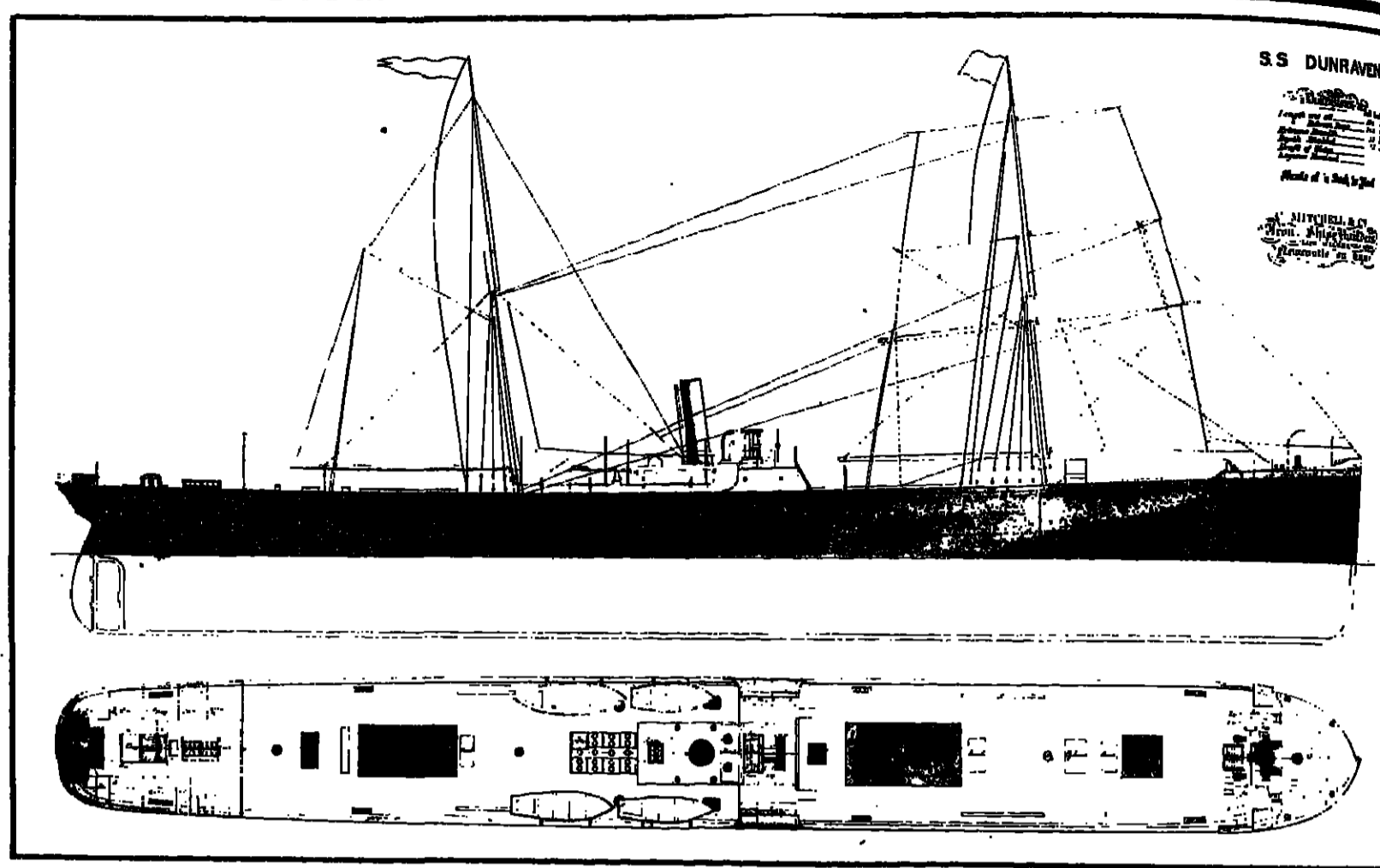
It is the way the ship was identified that is the most fascinating part of the story. It was a painstaking process, involving the exchange of countless cables and letters between Israel and England and hundreds of hours of research. It was an alternation of good luck and bad, which often led the researchers up a frustrating maze of blind alleys.

The search for pieces of the jigsaw puzzle was often impeded by illusions. At one stage, the researchers were convinced that what they were dealing with was one of the treasure-laden ships used by Lawrence of Arabia to haul gold from Suez to Akaba to finance his Arab revolt against the Turks. Ships similar in size — the Dufferin, the Suva, the Harding and the M-31 — were known to be in Lawrence's service. Chaim Weizmann, who sailed with Lawrence on one voyage to Akaba, described one of them in graphic detail in his diary.

On following another lead, they believed that they had found the wreck of a British Q-class warship that had been dispatched to the Middle East on a secret mission during World War I. (The British Admiralty was reluctant to discuss this possibility even today.) Every lead had to be followed, the few facts that could be ascertained being fitted together to produce what the researchers hoped would be the right answer. For over a year they were all wrong.

PEOPLE IN SHARM differ as to who actually found the wreck first. They are agreed that the first man to make the knowledge public was geologist Arye Keller, who had picked up the wreck on an oil-sounding expedition in the region. However, it is also generally accepted that two local fishermen had been diving off the wreck for years, enticed by the huge fish which had made it their home and determined to keep their find a secret lest others encroach on their hunting grounds — or worse, the Nature Reserves Authority declare it a protected area.

Whatever the truth, the real effort to identify the wreck began after Keller mentioned the find to veteran Sharm diver Howard Rosenstein who, over the past decade, has built up an operation that has put the Red Sea firmly on the international diving map. Keller's instructions as to where the wreck could be found were rather vague. He indicated a general area at the mouth of the Gulf of Suez called the Shard All Reef, situated some six kilometres off shore, about three



Original plans of the Dunraven found in the archives of the Newcastle Maritime Museum a year after the race to identify the wreck began.

Underwater jigsaw

The identity of a wreck lying under the Gulf of Suez has only recently been established. The Post's HIRSH GOODMAN became one of the diving enthusiasts attempting to uncover the 'Dunraven's' secrets before the area is returned to Egypt.

hours by boat from Sharm el-Sheikh.

It was virtually by accident that Howard Rosenstein first set eyes on the wreck one afternoon, while diving with a group of German tourists.

He recounts that it was almost impossible to make out the shape of the keel lying on the seabed; the undisturbed coral growth virtually obscured the steel and wood wreck. Only the ship's propeller and rudder could be clearly seen protruding into the azure but turbulent waters, a plaything for the hundreds of curious, almost friendly, fish that abound in the area.

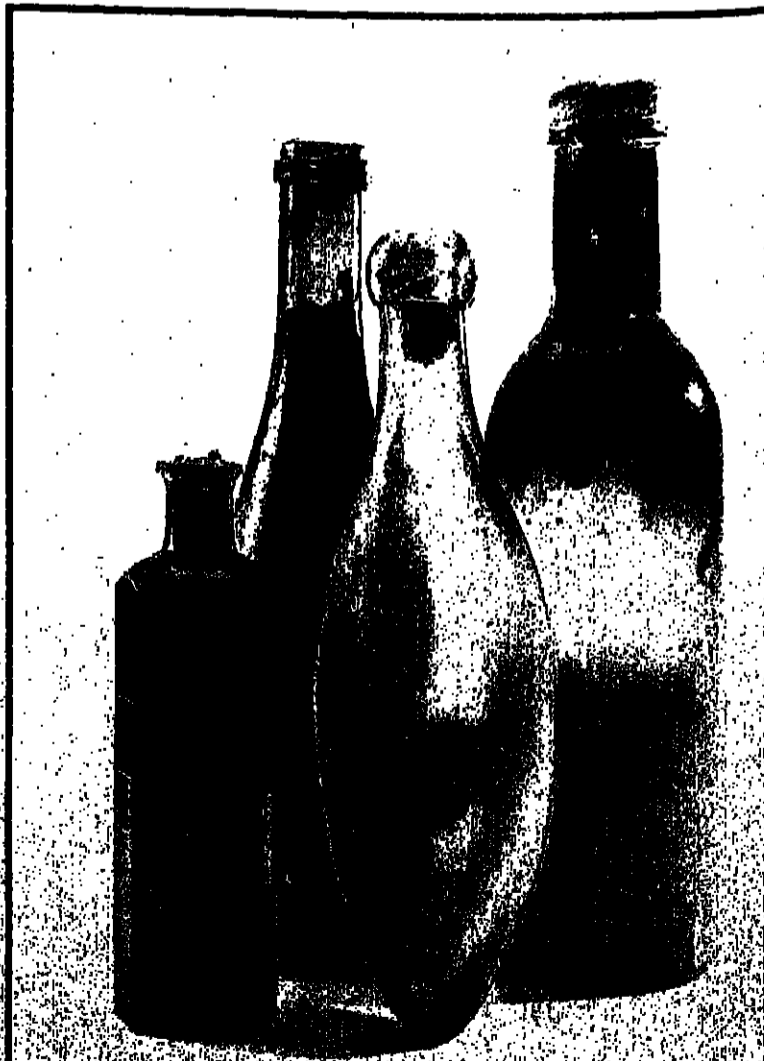
The ship had sunk to the ocean floor bottom-up. No name was to be found along her side, nor any other clue to reveal her origins. There was no real way of knowing if she had been there for 50 years or a century; whether she was British or Turkish; whether she was a merchantman or a man-of-war.

Rosenstein returned to the wreck often. By diving through the gaping holes in the ship's side and poking around in the pitch-dark interior, he and several colleagues slowly began to pick up odds and ends which they hoped would shed light on the ship's past and her contents. For almost a year, the fragments they brought to the surface lay useless and, in some cases, only tended to add to the mystery.

THE FIRST hard clue as to the identity of the ship came on a dive in November 1978, which Rosenstein had organized for the American ambassador to Israel, Samuel Lewis, and assistant air attaché Marshall Michel. Michel and his diving partner, Zelman Rubenstein, found a delicate porcelain plate with the name "Dunraven" inscribed in pale blue. More plates were brought up from the same area, indicating that the name of the ship had been found and thus increasing the chances of discovering what she had been carrying when she sank. But things were not to be so simple, and the Dunraven managed to retain her secret for months to come.

Most of the diving was undertaken by Rosenstein; his business partner, former frogman commander Yossi Kvaashny; veteran diver, illustrator and publisher of underwater guides, Shlomo Cohen; and Yohanan Spier. Meanwhile, every possible lead was being pursued above the surface, both in the Sinai and abroad. Michel, with Lewis's blessing, was using the good offices of the U.S. Embassy in London to track down the history of the Dunraven.

In the Sinai, an approach was made to one of the most knowledgeable Bedouin trackers in the region, Suleiman, who is renowned as a walking history book. Suleiman knew of the wreck — though not its specific location



— and said that legend had it that the ship had been carrying gold through the Canal to Akaba for Lawrence of Arabia. His story was received with a mixture of scepticism and bright dreams.

From London the news was even more confusing. There were two Dunravens registered with Lloyd's Register of Shipping: one built in 1880, which later changed her name to Sara Radcliff and in 1917 was torpedoed and sunk in the Atlantic. The second Dunraven was converted into a British Q-ship — a warship camouflaged as a merchantman to bait German submarines — and re-named Marshal. According to the records, she was badly damaged in the opening stages of the First World War in a gallant fight in which its young captain, Gordon Campbell, earned himself and several members of his crew the Victoria Cross. The records showed that she was towed back to port for repairs but deemed a write-off and sunk in the English Channel.

So neither of these two Dunravens could possibly be the one lying on the bottom of the Gulf of Suez — unless the Dunraven destroyed on the reef was in the Middle East on a secret mission, and the records at Lloyd's were fabricated to cover up the mission. This theory, which had been floated half in jest, took on some credence when an unusual request suddenly came through from the British Admiralty requesting that all diving be suspended on the site, since it could very well be an official British war grave.

BY NOW the BBC had joined in the hunt for the identity of the Dunraven. Kastel Films in Jerusalem had suggested the ship as a subject for the corporation's documentary series, "The World Around Us," and one team had been in Israel for several weeks putting together the underwater shots, while another was coordinating the search for clues in Britain.

But they, and the volunteers from the American Embassy in London, continued to draw blanks, whichever avenue they explored.

Meanwhile increasingly wild theories were being put forward. Someone suggested that the ship was not British at all but Dutch, there being a town in Holland called Dunraven. Another theory, prompted by the delicacy and beauty of the porcelain being brought up, was that this was not just an ordinary merchantman, but the private yacht of some millionaire which would also explain the discrepancies at Lloyd's. Enquiries revealed that the American publishing magnate Randolph Hearst, for example, owned Dunraven Castle in Wales, and it stood to reason that there might be a link.

But then two things happened which made the researchers realize that they had been barking up the wrong time-tree. The Dunraven lying on the floor of the mouth of the Gulf of Suez had been there considerably longer than the 70 years estimated by experts who had examined the coral growth on the frame of the wreck. On one of the many dives Rosenstein and his partners were conducting, they came up with a curiously shaped, olive-green glass bottle with a pointed base. Inscribed on the base were the words: "Webb's Double Soda and Other Waters. By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Wellington, London."

A quick check by the BBC team showed that the Webb mineral-water company was established in 1880 and went out of business in



(Left to right) Howard Rosenstein, Shlomo Cohen, Yohanan Spier and Yossi Kvaashny. (Drawing by Shlomo Cohen)

1880, and the Dunraven must therefore have been sunk some time between those two dates. The queen referred to must be Victoria, who came to the throne in 1837. The team were suddenly shot back more than half a century in their estimates, and concluded that they had been misled by being shown Lloyd's registers going back only to the turn of the century.

The new discovery put paid to the romantic, and possibly lucrative, proposition that they were dealing with a bullion-laden ship in the service of T.E. Lawrence, who only reached the Middle East for the first time in 1910.

Yet another piece of evidence happened along which corroborated the theory that the Dunraven had gone to the bottom back in the 19th century: on each of the porcelain plates being brought to the surface, the initials GFB could be made out indented next to the name of the manufacturer.

Researchers pursued this clue and discovered that a certain George F. Barnes had won first place for porcelain design at a London fair in 1878. Setting this fact against the date the Webb company closed down — 1880 — it was a reasonable deduction that the Dunraven had sunk in the latter half of the 1870s — or just a few years after the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869.

IN MAY this year final identification was made. Another approach to Lloyd's for earlier registers came to naught, for the prosaic reason that their archives had been packed away when they were moving to their new premises; but a visit to the Public Record Office and to the Newcastle Maritime Museum removed all doubts.

The Dunraven in question was a very ordinary merchantman plying the India route with a cargo of wool and cotton, with its home port registered as Newcastle upon Tyne. As a result either of error by the captain or of trouble with her compass — the records were not clear on this — she hit

the Shard All Reef on the night of April 22, 1876. Some 13 hours later, almost entirely destroyed by fire, the hull slowly turned over and sank to its watery grave, where it lay undisturbed for 102 years, until the chance soundings of an Israeli geologist disturbed its rest.

The Dunraven's burial-ground is due to be returned to Egypt in a few weeks' time and Rosenstein, Kvaashny, Cohen and Spier, together with other volunteers, are still hard at work trying to resolve the many questions that still remain and satisfy hopes that there is still treasure to be recovered. There is not much chance of finding any bullion, for the fact that the ship lay on the reef for 13 hours before she sank makes it highly unlikely that anything of great value would have been left behind. But hopes of lesser treasure, such as silver cutlery, random coins and other valuable paraphernalia, continue to beckon.

Each dive in the wreck brings up new marvels: dainty porcelain dishes of classic design and all with the Dunraven markings; bottles of wine; sealed preserving jars filled with gooseberries, rhubarb and olives; pots of unguents and salves; brass knobs and porthole covers; jamps; and countless other items.

It is not known if any of the crew or passengers went down with her. Some bones were found and declared by a doctor in Sharm (who has since lost quite a few patients) as those of a child. He was proven totally wrong a few hours later, when another doctor who happened to be on the spot identified the bones as those of a pig. A quick check with the ship's plan showed that they had indeed been found in an area designated as a pig store.

DIVING TO THE wreck is an exciting experience. One has to descend holding a rope that Rosenstein attaches to the rudder to ensure that nobody is swept away by the continual strong currents. As opposed to other parts of the Red Sea, visibility here is not particularly good, but one's first vision of the wreck is breathtaking.

The letters DUNRA-EN on the stern have been hacked clear of coral — the 'V' having been lost somewhere along the way. Two huge masts lie like broken outstretched arms on the murky ocean floor.

On the first dive, we manage a quick general tour of the wreck, making our way slowly along the 297-foot keel. Here and there we poke into gaping holes in the ship's side and enter the engine rooms where the coal bunkers and boilers look like headstones in a silent graveyard. Portholes, covers, where they have not been removed, are swung open and shut by the passing currents.

As we swim by, we are watched with bored curiosity by some of the largest Napoleon fish and groupers I have ever seen in the Red Sea. Each species — like squatters — has taken over a part of the wreck for itself, but seems to welcome our intrusion as a pleasant break in routine.

There are clear signs that fire engulfed the whole vessel, but the charred timbers have somehow defied decay, and instead of disintegrating have become flowerbeds of sorts for rich and varied forms of coral and marine plant life.

Initially, time seems to pass very fast as one delves into the unexplored and beckoning secrets of the wreck. But on subsequent dives, accompanying Rosenstein and Kvaashny through pitch-black holes in the ship's interior to search for yet more objects to bring to the surface, time cannot pass quickly enough.

There is something distinctly frightening and claustrophobic about spending 40 minutes digging through silt and mud in the dark corner of a burned-out pantry, hoping to come across something of value.

ROSENSTEIN, determined to bring up as much as possible before the ship becomes Egyptian property, seems almost impervious to the discomfort. On one expedition, he led me to an area demarcated as the ship's larder on the plans of the Dunraven that he had recently received from

England, and within seconds disappeared into a barrage of choking silt. It was so thick that even though we were only a few feet away from each other, we could not make out the beam of the other's flashlight. The minutes passed very, very slowly and I soon started to pray that he would decide, for whatever reason, to cut this particular dive short. My flashlight went out and almost immediately I lost all perception of where I was up and where was down. Panic — or at least great self-doubt — began to creep into my bones and I did not even know where to begin looking for Howard to calm my nerves. And then suddenly he appeared, jubilation showing on his face through his mask, holding a massive and beautiful keg. Rubbing away the accretions of 103 years, we made out the label: "L. Wright and Son, Bonded Store Merchant, South Shields." It must have contained whiskey. He had also found yet another jar of pickled rhubarb, an inkwell and several bottles of preserves — all intended for meals destined not to be eaten in one of the Dunraven's three mess halls.

The finds and Howard's infectious excitement dispelled my anxiety. Time now began to pass too quickly. With air running out and decompression limits setting in, we tried desperately to haul away whatever we could. Who knew when we would be able to return? Rosenstein and his partners also have a business to run, and taking the whole day off to search for mementoes of a past age is not exactly the most practical thing for them to be doing — not unless they can come up with something more substantial than pickled olives and rhubarb and porcelain jugs.

THE WRECK of the Dunraven is the first tangible thing that Rosenstein and Kvaashny will be giving up. Until now the prospect of having to part with the multi-million pound business, Red Sea Divers, that they have built out of nothing over the past few years and, more important, the sea they genuinely love, has been an abstract proposition. The cold truth that, within a few weeks, the Dunraven will be closed to them and other Israelis until the future relationship between Israel and Egypt is defined, has hit them suddenly and hard.

Invariably, the six hours' sailing to the dive site and back are spent in hot debate over the political situation, regardless of who is on the boat; the enthusiastic Ambassador Lewis; divers from the four corners of the world who have been attracted to the Red Sea from other international dive spots, thanks in no small measure to the thousands of dollars Red Sea Divers have spent on promoting the unknown wonders of the area; or Israelis who wonder where they will be diving in two years' time.

The future is far from clear, and few people agree on what course it will take. Howard Rosenstein hopes the Egyptians will allow him to stay. Yossi Kvaashny is looking around for new alternatives: he has no illusions about the future.

And while the politicians — professional and amateur — debate what the future holds above the waves, 100 feet below them, at the mouth of the Gulf of Suez, the Dunraven continues to rot — perhaps to be rediscovered at some later date, and to give yet another generation of underwater adventurers false hopes of mysterious and bountiful treasures. □

MARJAYOUN, Southern Lebanon.

He reminds me of a wolf. His lupine facial expression, his cunning eyes, his alert reaction to movement and noise around him, the smooth economy of his own movements, his gait. He's a military man all right. Not like Eisenhower or Montgomery, Rommel or Guderian. More a field-wise descendant of the gunslinger out of the legendary West.

He invites me into his roomy but modest home, down from, and protected by, the narrow road where his bodyguards watch what little movement there is in that bleak landscape, ears cocked for rockets or shells coming from the PLO artillery entrenched in the Crusader castle of Beaufort some 5 kms. away across the valley.

The lower living-room floor is neatly sandbagged on the outside and buttressed from within by green wooden ammo-boxes filled with sand and bearing Hebrew lettering. This is not only Major Sa'ad Haddad's home but an operations bunker and redoubt of last resort.

The decorations are as spare as the man: lilies in a 122 mm. shell-case, roses in jam-jars, a holy picture, a few small stoneware angels against the wall. In the far corner a cluster of field telephones, clad in khaki webbing. Near one of the two couches, a communication radio hums quietly, its tiny red lamps aglow.

Across the hallway, a roomy kitchen, where his wife Theresa is tending the latest in washing machines (the only luxury in the house) while intermittently scouring a huge cooking pot. In the room back of the kitchen Lillian and Zena, the two youngest of his five daughters, are horsing around.

A field telephone rings and Haddad answers in monosyllabic grunts: a spare man with a vocabulary to match.

THIS IS our second meeting, and I have to report to him on my activities in the intervening period. Some 10 weeks earlier we had met in Metulla, the Haddad/IDF interface H.Q. At that time he had explained his isolated position and his disappointment at having been abandoned by the Christian world, whose battles he feels he has been fighting against the onslaughts of Islam. He had no complaints about Israel, who had been his good, if only, friend. Why couldn't the Christian world send some help, some token sign of sympathy?

"You mean trained personnel, like Vietnam veterans? Onward Christian soldiers, and all that?" I asked incredulously. The hymnal reference slipped by unnoticed. There is little humour in the wolf.

"No," he replied, "just some young people to help with the farms, the harvest. To live amongst us and share our burdens, to show our people that somebody out there cares. Token solidarity. Also maybe some specialists. We need two doctors, or at least trained nurses and a dentist of sorts. The present one: the only one in the enclave, is old and sick and has to serve the population of 100,000. Also a motor mechanic or two."

I suggested getting some specialists from the northern Christian enclave around the port of Junieh. No, he had tried that and a few hundred militiamen had come but had gradually drifted back north. Moreover, the young were leaving for Beirut or going abroad, since, apart from elementary schools, there are no

Crusader

WIM VAN LEER describes his meetings with embattled Lebanese Christian militia leader Major Sa'ad Haddad who, he says, could easily drag Israel into adventures it does not want.



educational facilities in his enclave. What he wanted were people from the Christian world outside Lebanon "to bear witness" to their plight and maybe arouse world conscience. I tried to explain that the world's conscience is thin gruel these days.

"There were 100 or 200 of your Jews at Entebbe and you gambled plane-loads of young men," he countered.

"Ah, yes," I was about to say, "but we are Jews. Moreover, striking acts of heroism have more appeal than a long-drawn-out agony, which is the Lebanon today." But instead I heard myself saying, "If the Christian world wants to gamble, it waits till Dorby Day." The unsmiling wolf stared at me, sadly.

I had proposed to see on his behalf the leaders of the Christian churches, mainly Protestant, since the Catholic Church does not view the incumbent landlord of this hallowed territory with favour. I had expected a closing of Christian ranks in support of their beleaguered brethren, 65,000 of whom had already been killed and 140,000 dispersed like quicksilver under a hammer-blow into a diaspora of their very own. I would tell them of Haddad's heroic back-to-the-wall stand,

conjure up shades of the Crusaders, Godfrey of Bouillon, "For God and St. Martin." Brother, was I wrong!

Anyway, I left for England and the United States, saw church organizations, leaders, dignitaries, concerned laymen, had innumerable cups of tea and glasses of sherry in oak-lined vestries, began to absorb clerical forms of address.

DISCUSSING the matter with the Dean of Westminster, in whom I managed to arouse a polite interest, I asked somewhat dramatically, "Why is it, your reverence, that there is so much violence in the world, and so little anger?"

He looked at me kindly and said, "That is a beautiful thought, young man. I will use it in my forthcoming sermon."

As promised, I spoke to bishops, was in touch with the Archbishop of Canterbury's people, the World Council of Churches, Christian Volunteers and many other bodies. True, some Californian fundamentalists had sent money; others, so I was told, had donated a fully-equipped ambulance, confirmed by others, had been swiped while in transit, by the

Magen David Adom under the pretext that "Haddad doesn't need one, since all medical services are being supplied free of charge by Israel."

I got a few offers of financial aid (which he does not need), spoke to a schoolmaster who publishes a well-informed monthly newsletter, "Aid for Christian Lebanon," from some valley in Wales. But on the whole I got nowhere.

"I EXPECTED that," says Haddad when I have finished my report and then, raising his voice roughly, "I don't know why I talk to you. What good does it do? Where does it get me?"

The wolf howls out his lone anger. Then his voice takes on a threatening tone and he speaks in a clipped, emphatic manner: "One day I am going to close that so-called Good Fence of yours and to hell with all of you. What do you care in the end? You only serve your own interests."

"And where will that get you?" "How that will help me? I'll tell you. There is a bloody stupid UNIPIL major trying to turn the Lebanon into another Belfast. One day soon I am going to open up with all I've got. We're finished anyhow. Now that Ethiopia and Iran are lost, your friends the Americans are actively wooing Syria and are preparing to deliver the Lebanon as a bride price. Some day we'll have to go it alone, and don't you Israelis interfere. Don't you dare!"

BORN IN Marjayoun in 1937, Sa'ad Haddad, son of a farmer, as a child watched the Lebanese army at work, their French-trained officers splendid astride their towering horses. He decided to become a soldier. Thus came military school, infantry courses in France, combat and artillery training in the U.S.

Religion plays little part in his life, nor does he believe in Nasser's conception of Pan-Arabism; but he places great value on Arab virtues, which he lists as generosity, hospitality, the beauty of the Arab language.

Fanaticism, he says, is a Moslem, not an Arab, trait. This Moslem world, with its religious obscurantism, has stunted the majestic Arab conception of life and human relations. He regards the idea of an "Arab" world stretching from the African Atlantic seaboard to Indonesia as nonsense. Conquering savages and forcing them to become Moslems did not turn them into Arabs.

For these reasons, Haddad has restricted his vision to the Lebanon. "Yes, nationalism, if you like, Lebanese nationalism. What is wrong with that? If you had known the Lebanon before stand what I mean."

Major Haddad's Christian militia consists of some 2,800 men plus some reserves, equipped with adequate firepower to deal with the enemy, the PLO, in the terrain he controls. This is a 15 km.-wide strip which marches with Israel's northern border, inhabited by 40,000 Christians and 60,000 Shi'ite Moslems.

The area north of the Litani River is occupied by the Syrian army, confined there by tacit "advice and consent" of the IDF. In between lies a large no-man's-land (a "better description") occupied by the multinational UNIFIL battalions; Shi'ite Moslem villages, infiltrated, and in some instances dominated, by the PLO; and Haddad's "Free Lebanon" forces, a

fictional concept devised by him and recognized by no one but himself, not even Israel.

Since the UN ordered the withdrawal of Israeli forces after the Litani operation, Haddad is "our man in Havana," and the PLO, UNIFIL, and practically the whole world regard his militia as an extension of the IDF.

What with the Arab Peacekeeping Forces, Saika, the Syrian Peacekeeping Forces, the Palestine Liberation Forces, the Progressive Militias, the Phalangists, the UN Interim Force in Lebanon, the world may be confused and bamboozled by the misleading nomenclature of the contending parties. Major Haddad does not share that confusion. He knows who his real enemy is: the PLO, who have upset the subtle balance of the Lebanese Republic and who, by destroying it with the aid of Syria, have made Lebanon pay the price of 25 years of lucrative neutrality in the Israel-Arab conflict.

THERE IS NO doubt that we are exploiting Haddad's plight and attendant despair for our own very good ends. But despite our support, he is disappointed in the extent of our commitment.

"Israel must do what the Tanzanians did by their invasion of Uganda, which rid that country of Idi Amin's regime of terror and corruption. Anything less is shirking your responsibilities."

To the suggestion that this would lead to direct confrontation with Syria, he responds, "That is bound to happen anyhow, sooner or later. Let us together liquidate the PLO, link with the northern Christian enclave, and rebuild the Lebanon."

"What about the Moslems?" I venture.

"They pretend to back the PLO because they are afraid of them. Once the PLO is driven out, we shall restore the system of checks and balances which made the Lebanon what it was. They are as tired of war as we are. But if Israel will not help us, maybe Egypt will. Or we'll do it by ourselves, go it alone, somehow."

Although Sa'ad Haddad, for all his courage and dedication, is completely dependent on Israel, this does not mean that he is subservient to our will and interest. Especially with regard to our relations with UNIFIL he holds many trump cards, and he knows it. He could easily drag us into adventures which neither serve Israel's cause, nor enhance its reputation, already severely damaged in the eyes of the world.

When our aims and interests more or less coincide, cooperation serves both parties. But this may not always be the case, and if it comes to a parting of the ways, we shall have to reckon with a Major Haddad who will do what he deems to be in the interests of his people, and the blame for the resulting bloodshed will fall on us. For that reason, there should be closer political surveillance of the IDF/Haddad relationship, which at present is a purely military one, but which contains a political time-bomb of unforeseeable power.

And Major Haddad possesses all the ingredients. A deep devotion to his cause, a readiness to sacrifice, the will to win and, when it comes to the point, a blissful absence of gratitude, loyalty, consideration or any other of the inhibiting virtues. He will define the enemy and without a by-your-leave, regardless of the consequences to himself or us, will go for the jugular vein. "Like a wolf." □

This is the ideal summer drink and you won't find it in a bottle. So go ahead pamper yourself! Make this summer treat with your own Wissotzky Tea to really cool you off!

60 SECONDS IS ALL IT TAKES TO MAKE TEA ON THE ROCKS.

Take a tall glass, put Wissotzky's 2 gram tea-bag (Tea On The Rocks should be strong). Pour some boiling water, add sugar and stir. Fill with ice cubes, ice water and a slice of lemon. Keep a pitcherful of tea on the rocks in your fridge, always ready to treat yourself and your guests.

תה על הקרח.
TEA ON THE ROCKS.



Neglected treasure



(Above) One of Acre's Khans; (below) shuk; (right) fishermen's port. (Photos: Zvi Roger.)



Acre first became famous when the Phoenicians made it the most important port city in the Middle East. But much needs to be done before it is a town fit to live in and the valuable magnet for tourists it deserves to be, says The Jerusalem Post's YAACOV ARDON.

ACRE COULD easily live on its past. Showing it to tourists would give them an experience they cannot get elsewhere in the world. That past is long and eventful, often as dramatic as Acre's present is dreary. On evidence that has come to light so far, archaeologists believe that Acre, Jericho and Beit She'an are among the oldest towns not only in our area, but in the whole world. In some form, the three towns have been continuously inhabited to this day for at least some 4,000 years.

But even in the small league of ancient towns, in Mesopotamia, in the Nile Valley, or in Israel, Acre is unique. Much of its "recent" past, going back over 800 years, has been excellently preserved under the protective wrap of earth and rubble. Not because of any respect for the past and its relics, but because successive generations were in as much of a hurry to solve their housing problems as young couples and newcomers are today: they found it saved time, labour and money to shovel earth on the abandoned structures, and build on top of them rather than knock them down.

That is how Acre came to possess the best preserved Crusader castle in the Holy Land. Ancient Acre from the dawn of history to our millennium, is now being brought to light in annual excavations on land and at sea conducted by Haifa University and financed by private contributions of public-spirited businessmen.

When the name of Acre turns up for the first time in written records — in hieroglyphics of the Pharaoh Thutmose III — about 3,500 years ago, it was already a place of importance as a fortified flourishing town. The enterprising Phoenicians, seafarers, traders, glassmakers, made it the most important port in the Middle East. Part of the portion of the tribe of Asher, Acre was one of the towns that the Israelites were unable to capture, and while it fell under the rule of many conquerors down the ages, it never came under Israel's sovereignty until May 19, 1948.

GEOLOGY, geography and man's perennial restlessness and resource combined at Acre to produce an ideal port town, surrounded by the sea on three sides, easy for man to defend and with a

protected bay in which ships could shelter.

From there, the ancient trade routes led inland, east to Mesopotamia and south to Egypt. Archaeological evidence suggests a lively maritime trade with other Mediterranean ports.

The town must have been a meeting-place for men of many nations, languages and faiths, its inns and taverns intellectual trading-posts for news and views, knowledge of all kinds, literature, art, skills and innovations.

At all times, at least until the advent of printing, port towns had a more cosmopolitan, more tolerant, permissive outlook than their landlocked sisters, and were less given to any forms of fanaticism other than that of making money.

As early as the fourth century BCE Greek traders were permanent residents of Acre. Greek mythology had Hercules recovering there from a wound he suffered during his career of violence.

Today he would have found fitting accommodation at the only modern hotel, the four-star Palm Beach (strictly kosher, too), but little else to heaten his con-

valence. He would have been better entertained at Nahariya, as are the UNIFIL soldiers. But in ancient times, Acre was a great attraction for travellers.

Its prosperity as a port and commercial hub rose and ebbed, often lasting for generations, undisturbed by the frequent changes of ownership and flag. After Alexander the Great, it saw 12 different overlords in 120 years. One of them, Ptolemy II of Egypt, had the bad taste to change its name to Ptolemais. It took nearly 900 years before the Moslem invaders of 638 A.D. restored its ancient name.

In 1104 the Crusaders, an all-European Christian expeditionary force, took Acre after a siege of only 20 days, and made it the chief fortified it and later built the monumental fortress, part of which has been excavated in our days. A little-known fact is that in 1180, the Count of Flanders, Philippe d'Alsace, built a castle in Ghent which was an exact replica, in all its architectural detail, of the Acre fortress.

In 1187, the Kurdish general Salah e-Din, having just defeated the Crusaders at Hattin, near

Tiberias, during a heavy rain, captured Acre, which became the capital of the Latin Kingdom after the loss, in that year, of Jerusalem. The Crusaders did not give up, however, and four years later they retook Acre, to hold it for nearly a century.

Once again it flourished as one of the great ports of the Mediterranean, with a big over of spices, textiles and manufactured goods. The city-states of Venice, Pisa, Amalfi and Genoa, French merchants from Provence, religious orders such as the Temple Hospitaliers, Carmelite Benedictines, Dominican Augustinians and Franciscans had their own quarters in town, complete with churches, maritime, banking and other services.

Merchants from all over Europe, and from as far away as the East as India, met in Acre to buy and sell, in a free-trade market that took Europe many centuries to develop.

A Moslem held the Latin Kingdom's siege would make a concession for collecting duties from traders and travellers. One of these records

astonishment at the orderliness, courtesy and precision of the customs house staff.

The whole fascinating story has been compiled by Bernhard Dichter, a local engineer who has become the historian of Acre. By collecting material from every possible source — books, maps and bibliographical information — he has rendered an invaluable service to the town.

The Egyptian Mamalukes, under Sultan Ashraf, put an end to the Latin Kingdom in 1291 captured Acre, which immediately began to decline. For nearly 500 years, time stood still there. It took an energetic Beduin sheikh, Daher el-Omar, and his successor, an Albanian savage by the name of Ahmed el-Jazzar (the Butcher), to revive the town by restoring the fortifications and raising new public buildings, among them the beautiful mosque, the aqueduct and several khans or caravanserais.

IT IS THE handwork of the Crusaders and these Moslem despots that makes the Old City of Acre such an exceptional site today. But this picturesque bedroom is hidden in a setting that breathes neglect and indifference to the elementary needs of the residents and visitors alike.

For three hours I walked through the Old City without encountering a police patrol. There were no signs in any language to tell a stranger where he was, what he was seeing. No maps, no directions to a public lavatory, a drinking-water fountain, a telephone. The alleyways were far from clean. The moats outside the walls, even near the town hall, are disfigured by litter. The splendid seaside promenade is clean, but does not have a single tree or other source of shade.

There are two oases of planned and successful effort: a youth hostel inside the Old City; and a parking lot, complete with a neat cloak, tables and sunshades, a souvenir shop and a neat toilet. Both are the work of the Old City Development Company.

Architect Sa'adia Mandel (who fathered the Old Jaffa development project) says he has been drawing up plans for Acre on and off since 1965.

"Little of all these plans has been carried out. Plans are not enough. You cannot create a suitable climate for tourism against the indifference or suspicion of an uncooperative population. People are part of the urban fabric.

"The 10,000 inhabitants of the Old City are almost all Arabs. Their housing conditions are intolerable. Most of their homes belong to Amidar, but the state housing company could hardly care less. At not a single committee meeting in which I took part did I see any representative of the local residents, but they have got to be partners in any public project.

"Four operators tell me they give Acre an hour in their sightseeing programmes. Maybe they allow for lunch at the Palm Beach Hotel, by the sea.

"People who should know say that Acre is the country's finest historic plum after Jerusalem. But nothing is done about it. Here you have two complete and largely intact towns, one on top of the other. And there is more to Acre than Crusaders' and Moslems. Napoleon's siege would make a wonderful saga of history subject, but whatever you do must be among people who smile at

"For planning and executing the complete rehabilitation of everything, the old and the new, the fabric and the human material, you need a single agency with full executive authority, as in Jaffa, or Yemin Moahe in Jerusalem, and it should be a partnership of the Tourism Ministry and the municipality."

"I BELIEVE in the tremendous potential of the place, as a tourist attraction," says Mendi Porat, director of the government-controlled Old City Development Company, explaining why he took the job less than a year ago. "There is still a great deal to do: the Crusaders' town must be dug up, the Ottoman buildings restored. A marina must be built to attract sea-minded tourists. The bad urban conditions must be dealt with and the overcrowding must be relieved. It breeds crime, drug addiction, vandalism. People here don't own their homes. With Amidar as their landlords, they don't care about keeping them up properly. The infrastructure — water, electricity, sewage and so on — needs proper development.

"After 80 years of neglect, a lot needs to be invested. More money has been spent on less important sites. If nothing is done, Old Acre will fall into ruin. It has already started."

Porat says he has several projects ready in his drawers. "One is for three different historical sightseeing routes through the Old City. By following them with or without a guide, tourists can walk past seven centuries. There will be directions and printed explanations on signs, leaflets and maps.

"Another project is to give the Turkish khans a new content. We want to clean them up, to relocate the ugly workshops and storage dumps, then turn them over to suitable craftsmen, artists and shopkeepers who have something to offer visitors. For those who like water sports we would like to build a marina, and a paved plaza for fishermen.

"The total cost? Without the marina it would come to IL120 m. at today's prices."

The only project being carried out at present and soon to be completed is architect Sa'adia Mandel's promenade along the southern Turkish period wall, at a cost of IL7m. The promenade is high above the sea and offers a fine view of Haifa Bay (which was still called Acre Bay in the 19th century).

But more riches of the Old City's past are still buried in the ground, under many tons of Turkish rubble.

The fortress which the Crusaders built was so massive and strong that the Moslems (Egyptian, Turkish and local in turn) did not bother to wreck it in the time-honoured manner of all conquerors, but simply filled it up with rubble and built over it. Some of it has been cleared to reveal the magnificent Knight's Hall and other underground chambers that provide Acre's main archaeological attraction for tourists at present.

But tourism is like most industries: investment follows vision and know-how, income follows investment. For unimaginative and indifferent bureaucrats the Old City of Acre is no more than a far-away, quaint place. Its best lobbyists, the Phoenicians, Greeks, Crusaders, Italian merchants, Moslem potentates, Napoleon, are invisible except to people with an eye for the country's past. □

SAIL WITH YOUR CAR TO EUROPE

on the
T.S.S. "APPOLONIA" or T.S.S. "NEPTUNIA"

Come to the blue seas. Sail with your car to Europe and enjoy a tour to the loveliest sites in the Mediterranean. When you disembark in Europe, simply drive your car directly from the ship to anywhere you choose on the Continent....

On returning, stuff your heavy luggage and all your belongings inside your car, drive directly to the ship and from there, straight home.

Easier, nicer, cheaper — to sail with your own car to Europe on board the "Appolonia" or "Neptunia."

The route to Europe begins at Haifa.

Safety classification given by the Director of Shipping and Ports: Appolonia-C (Built 1948), Neptunia-AA (Built 1955)

For further information, please apply to any travel agency or to the General Agents: J. CASPI Haifa; 1 Matan Kaharaman St., Tel. 640098, 66025 Tel Aviv; 25 Lilienblum St., Tel. 51412, 54289 Jerusalem; 4 Yanal St., Tel. 244266

INTERSYSTEM BOOKCASES 123 Ben Yehuda, Street Tel Aviv

Exclusive design & construction

50 MODELS VARIOUS SIZES **100 ASSEMBLY ALTERNATIVES**

BOOKCASES WITH DUST-EXCLUDING GLASS DOORS

6 shelves: h. 190 cm. w. 160 cm. d. 20, 24 cm.

7 shelves: h. 265 cm. w. 80 cm. d. 20, 24 cm.

7 wide shelves: h. 245 cm. w. 80 cm. d. 24, 30 cm.

With desk unit: h. 245 cm. w. 80 cm. d. 24 cm.

SPECIALLY DEEP BOOKCASES

7 heights: 85 - 245 cm. 3 widths: 60, 80, 90 cm. 2 depths: 30, 40 cm.

With glass doors. As base for bookcase, or as self-contained unit. For big books, records, stereo or tv.

MODULAR BOOKCASES

All sizes of Intersystem bookcases can be assembled to suit the dimensions of the room or office.

Special department for planning and interior design

INTERSYSTEM MODULAR BOOKCASES 123 Ben Yehuda, Street Tel Aviv, Tel. 220117

Open: Mon. 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Tue. 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Wed. 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Thurs. 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Closed: Tuesday afternoon.

RIDING INTO Bahrain along the causeway connecting Muharraq Island to Manama, I saw two cultures in crisp silhouette. The fleet of camel-necked dhows in the harbour stood out against the sharp angles of dredgers, cranes and earthmovers immediately behind them; and far to the south a flare from the refinery was putting up a show of competition against the enormous moon.

A car in Arabia is a fine and private place. It is an eight-cylinder estaminet in which you can sleep, eat, drink, and conduct your social and business life. Houses tend to be left bare: plain little boxes of mud and brick. Cars bring out all their owners' genius for lavish interior decoration. Every one is different, decked out in colours unknown to nature, draped, cushioned, filled with ornaments and trinkets.

My taxi was furnished like a tart's bed-sitter. Heavy red brocade curtains hung on its windows. Furry puppets with big eyes danced from its roof. Every ledge and shelf revealed an open box of Kleenex; and the whole interior of the vehicle was done out in what looked like shell-pink mohair. The dashboard was covered in the stuff, so that the instrument-dials peered out through cute candy-floss fringes. The roof was padded in it, the seats upholstered in it, the floor carpeted by it.

The proprietor of this mobile oedipal fantasy was remarkably impassive. Perhaps he needed no expression, since his car spoke for him with such lurid eloquence. He turned up the cassette-player and submerged me in a stereophonic flood of love-lorn wailing.

We were only halfway across the causeway, a bare mile from the airport, when the singing of Ummi-Khaloum ceased to be a novelty. Screened by curtains, cushioned in fur, I got to Manama. We turned left, and left, and left again, through streets of bulging walls and latticed balconies. In Arabic, one of the many synonyms for "desert" is also the word for "labyrinth": desert people, looking for protection in the city, instinctively construct mazes around themselves — rectangular warrens of alleys and dead ends and tunnels and courts, in which a stranger gets lost within seconds of entering the system.

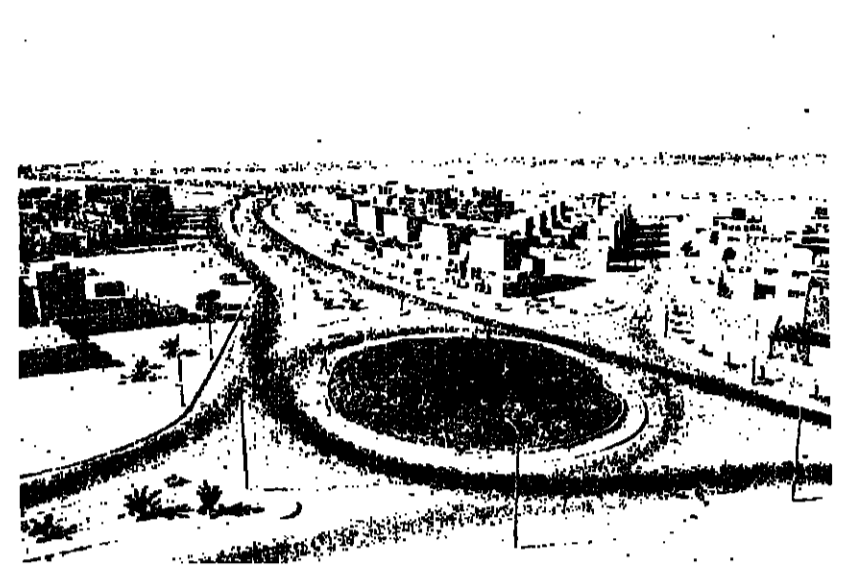
I had never expected to find in an all town such sandy, woody, narrowness and intricacy. The taxi squeezed past donkey-stalls and little lock-up shops on streets that seemed to open just wide enough to admit our passage, then close as soon as we had gone by.

MANAMA had struck me merely as a convenient jumping-off point from which to explore other bits of the Gulf, and I had assumed that it would be reassuringly dull. In the event, I found myself in a bewildering honeycomb, cell built on cell, full of interest and contradiction.

A half-mile walk without a map or any particular destination proved the point. I drifted into a maze of streets on which mine was the only European face. In sight, one narrow alley was full of carpenters and the smell of freshly sawn pine; another was a dazzling canal of brilliant Hongkong cottons; another, the car repair zone, was loud with lines of men banging shapeless bits of metal with hammers. It was all utterly unlike the tired "Westernisation" that I had anticipated of Bahrain: the protective labyrinth, in which every trade has its own allocated quarter fixed by use and tradition,

In the Arab labyrinth

Last month, Collins published a vividly impressionistic report on life inside the Middle East oil states, 'Arabia through the looking Glass,' by JONATHAN RABAN. This is the first of two extracts from the book.



(Clockwise from top left): Bahrain's In Town; traditionally clad residents of Abu Dhabi; donkey used to deliver kerosene in Manama; oil pumps after dark



is Arabia's strongest bastion against monoculture. Things are kept separate — gold and meat, vegetables and clothing, spices and hi-fi sets...every category has at least one street to itself.

This separation of objects keeps people apart too; at each turn in the maze one notices a distinct difference in skin-colour and style of dress. One cannot go more than a hundred yards without trespassing across a clearly defined boundary. A blind man could find his way through the labyrinth by smell alone: machine oil gives way to turmeric and coriander, sweet sawdust to the acrid barnyard odour of live chickens, roast coffee to the oddly musky scent of cheap plastic.

In one step at the end of a street I crossed from a world of mud and wood to one of marble, glass and concrete. I had been threading my way through a long, rustling procession of black veils; suddenly there were only business suits and sharkskin document cases. The line of banks on Government Road was taller and wider than the lines of spice-sellers and carpenters; but it had the same air of being a single specialized component in a labyrinthine system. Hypertensive men with clumsily drawn mid-Western faces were paying off their double-parked taxis.

International money has a smell just as distinctive as that of coffee — a subtle blend of underarm deodorant, dry-cleaning fluid, Havana Coronas and exhaust



(Clockwise from top left): Bahrain's In Town; traditionally clad residents of Abu Dhabi; donkey used to deliver kerosene in Manama; oil pumps after dark



fumes. Like all the other smells in the bazaar, it marks just one route within the city. Stray just a few yards from the route, and the smell is instantly displaced by the scent of another pattern of life altogether.

Everyone in suburban Manama that morning seemed to be either up a ladder or down a hole. Grey egg-boxes, sheathed in scaffolding, dwarfed the minarets. Along the shoreline, dredgers were hauling sand out of the Gulf and piling it on to the island. Bahrain was getting visibly bigger by the minute, growing upwards and outwards in a frantic, last-minute dash to make the most of its diminishing oil revenues. Windy, unfinished skeletons announced themselves as hospitals, secondary schools, sports centres and department stores. Truckloads of Korean construction workers, looking like prisoners of war in their green uniforms and forage caps, hurried round roundabouts, en route to some wild multidimensional playground of swaying steel girders and pools of wet cement.

I had read that Bahrain was the oldest, poorest and most staid of the Gulf States. It didn't look it. It still had the air of a honeypot buzzing with excited flies. Every building site was docked out with signboards that read like a directory of international bluebottles; the Japanese were doing this, the Germans that, the French the other, the British something else; the Americans were lapping up

MY TEDIOUS hours in London embassies, spent leafing through reference works on the Middle East, had supplied me with a cartoon-outline of the economy of the oil states. In every country on

the Gulf, a clock is slowly winding down; some have 20 years before their oil runs out, some 20, some like Bahrain, are already down to the last dregs of their reserves. Either they can invest the revenues and live like Victorian gentry on interest and rents, or they can risk their money on a "diversification," setting up industries which will go on producing well long after the oil fields have been pumped dry.

The word itself had seemed dull. I had found the graphs always accompanied it incoherently. But on the ground, this idea of diversification took a kind of insane vigour. Wherever I looked, Bahrain was diversifying. Buckets of concrete were being hauled up and down winches; steel piles driven into the sand; while sides of houses swung across the sky on cranes; convoys of container trucks delivering raw materials to factories which were as yet marked out on a strip of reeked waste land.

Much of this diversification went no further than the warding off of a signboard erected over a hole in the old masonry and a tangle of bare wires; yet it seemed probable that the Hilton would be there by tea-time and a school up in time for tomorrow morning at the latest.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

DANCE

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY — Diversion of Angela (music: Norman Della Jola); Phaedra (music: Robert Storer); decor: Isamu Noguchi; Ecuatorial (music: Edgar Varese); decor: Marisol; (Tel Aviv, Habimah, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Appalachian Spring (music: Aaron Copland); decor: Isamu Noguchi; Errand into the Mass (music: Gian Carlo Menotti); decor: Isamu Noguchi; Frescoes (music: Samuel Barber); (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday at 2.30 p.m.)

Seraphic Dialogue (music: Norman Della Jola); decor: Isamu Noguchi; The Owl and the Pussycat (music: Carlos Surinach); Diversion of Angela (music: Norman Della Jola); (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Cave of the Heart (music: Samuel Barber); decor: Isamu Noguchi; O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing (music: Meyer Kupferman); decor: Marisol; Lamentation (music: Louis Horst); Diversion of Angela (music: Norman Della Jola); (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Diversion of Angela (music: Norman Della Jola); Phaedra (music: Robert Storer); decor: Isamu Noguchi; The Owl and the Pussycat (music: Carlos Surinach); Ming Cho Lee; (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Cave of the Heart (music: Samuel Barber); decor: Isamu Noguchi; O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing (music: Meyer Kupferman); decor: Marisol; Lamentation (music: Louis Horst); Diversion of Angela (music: Norman Della Jola); (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Seraphic Dialogue (music: Norman Della Jola); decor: Isamu Noguchi; The Owl and the Pussycat (music: Carlos Surinach); Diversion of Angela (music: Norman Della Jola); (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

MULTIMEDIA DANCE MARATHON — 12 hours of dance films and videotapes featuring the Alvin Ailey dancers; Harlem dance theatre; Merce Cunningham dance theatre; Phobos dance theatre; Paul Taylor dance company; American Ballet Theatre; Alvin Ailey; Merce Cunningham; New York City Ballet; Martha Graham Dance Company; (Jerusalem, American Cultural Centre, Monday from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ALOHA NUI LOA — Hawaiian songs and stories. Venue and Denise on dulcimer and guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Heins Bernard and Michael Schneider. In English. (Hilton Hotel, tonight, tickets should be booked before Shabbat; King David Hotel, tomorrow)

JAZZ — With Israel's top jazz musicians. (Jaffa, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

JULIAN O'BAGRIN — British mime-comedian. (Khan, opposite railway station, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

LITERARY EVENING — Poets' stage, in Hebrew. Poets read from their newly published works. (Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

PIANO BAR — Jazz and blues with pianist Nahum Perserferovich. Plus hot wine. (Tzavta, tonight at 9)

YONATAN GEFEN, ASTAR SHAMIR — (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

DAVID BROZA — (Little Tzavta, 30 Ibn Ozyrol, tomorrow at midnight)

DUDU DOTAN — (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, tonight at 10.45)

ESPRESSO GENERATION — With the "Hakol Over Habibi" group. (Beit Ariosoroff 8 Beitlinson, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

GAZOL — (Beit Ariosoroff, 8 Beitlinson, Monday at 9 p.m.)

HANAN YOVEL — (Tzavta, tonight at midnight)

IN A PANIC — (Beit Hehaya, Weizmann and Pinkus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — (The Second Floor, Jaffa, 13 Yifat, tonight and tomorrow at 11.30 p.m.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LENNY BRUCE — With Nussim Zohar as the famous comedian. (Jaffa, The Second Floor, tonight at 10)

LSLIE MECHUVAN GROUP — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

GAZOL — (Shavit, tonight at 9.45)

Other Towns

ESPRESSO GENERATION — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.45; Kiryat, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GAZOL — (Ashkelon, Rahel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN, ASTAR SHAMIR — (Ramat Gan, Ordean, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.; Kfar Tabor, Wednesday at 9.15 p.m.)

LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON — With Gad Yagil and Hanna Leshar. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 10; Arad, tomorrow at 7 and 9.30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — (Sha'ar Haneguv, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LSLIE MECHUVAN — (Neva She'an, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

FILMS IN BRIEF

AUTUMN SONATA — In a film too insidiously similar to his earlier work, Bergman explores a mother-daughter love-hate relationship by pitting Ingrid Bergman against Liv Ullmann in a scathing all-night orgy of accusations, recriminations and guilt. Not up to the level of his earlier films, this one should nevertheless be seen and enjoyed, if necessary.

THE BETSY — The history of three generations of a Detroit motorcar manufacturer's family, adapted from Harold Robbins' novel. The theme of incest joins Robbins' three faithful ones: ambition, greed, and lust in a film that lacks all subtlety, charm, and originality, in spite of excellent performances by Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, and Jane Alexander.

BREAKTHROUGH — The sequel to "Cross of Iron" this is another big-budget, international-cast package tour of World War II. Mediocre performances by Richard Burton, Robert Mitchum, Rod Steiger and Curt Jurgens blend with low class melodrama and maudlin moralizing to produce a truly tedious film.

LA GAGE AUX FOLLES — A refreshing French Farce which pits a homosexual and a transvestite against the French petite bourgeoisie and comes up with a hilarious solution to a moral impasse.

COMING HOME — Selly Hyde volunteers to



Roger Moore as Bond inspects a phial of colourless liquid which he discovers in Dr. M's laboratory in "Moonraker."

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

DINNER THEATRE — "The Typist" by Murray Schickel and "The Sugar Plum" by Jerald Horowitz. In English. Plus gourmet dinner. (Diplomat Hotel, Monday and Thursday at 8 p.m.)

ON LIFE AND DEATH — Puppet theatre for adults. (Khan, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

TEL AVIV

HYPERLINKING TO DEATH — Rock play by Idan Sobol. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Ozyrol, tonight at 9; Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

ERIO'S PUPPET THEATRE — "The Italian in Algiers." (Beit Hehaya, Weizmann and Pinkus, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES — By the

Beersheba Theatre (Beersheba, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

DEAR LIAN — By Jerome Kihl. Based on the letters of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday)

LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE — (Nahariya, Hod, tonight at 10)

THE INDIAN IN THE BRONX AND THE SUBWAY — By the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, Thursday)

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES — (Beersheba, tomorrow)

For last minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

CHILDREN & YOUTH

KISHKASHITA — Play with puppets. (Jerusalem, Beit Zvi, 11 Besalel, Sunday; Nazareth, Nurit, Monday at 4 p.m.; Holon, Yad Lebanim, Tuesday at 5 p.m.; Hadera, Beit, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Motzkin, Orat, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

PETER PAN — Play. (Jerusalem, Beit

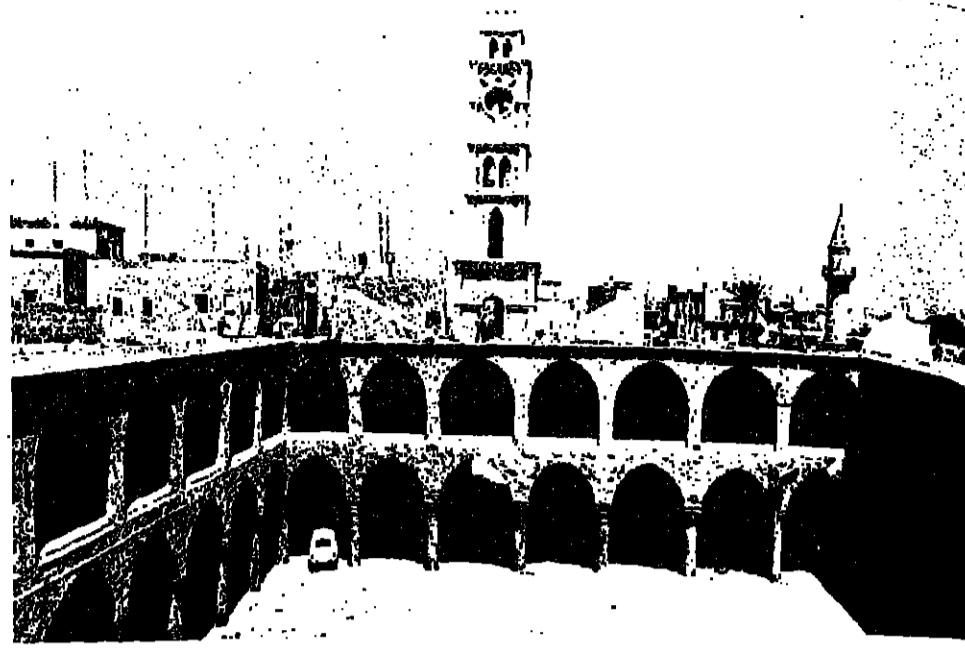
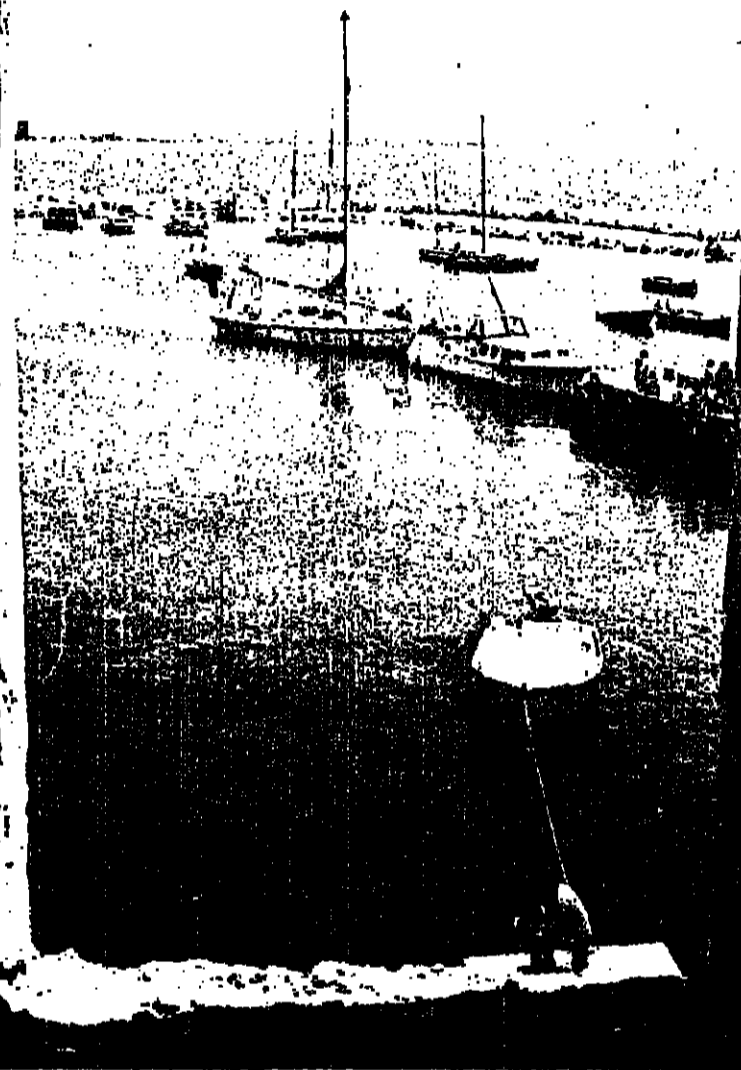
Hu'am, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LAND OF MOR — With Hava Alberstein and Avraham Mor. (Beit She'an, Kiryat, Sunday at 10 a.m.; Tel Aviv; Beit Hehaya, Weizmann and Pinkus, Monday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Rishon LeZion, Tiferet, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT — Joe Fendleton (Warren Beatty), a star quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, is just about to play in the Superbowl, his lifelong ambition, when he is suddenly killed in an accident. His awestruck and himself in a cloud-submerged waystation, heading for Heaven, but the archangel, Mr. Jordan, (James Mason) discovers that Joe has arrived 50 years early. A celestial error which can only be rectified by sending Joe back to inhabit another body. A delightful, heart-warming, star-studded comedy, an example of Hollywood at its best.

INTERNATIONAL VELVET — Tatum O'Neal wins an Olympic gold medal and our hearts in her role as Sarah Brown, equestrienne niece of Volvy, the screen character who captivated Elizabeth Taylor to fame in "National Velvet" in 1944. MGM's sequel has as much tee-jerking charm as its progenitor.

Neglected treasure



(Above) One of Acre's Khans; (below) shuk; (right) fishermen's port. (Photos: Zvi Roger.)



Acre first became famous when the Phoenicians made it the most important port city in the Middle East. But much needs to be done before it is a town fit to live in and the valuable magnet for tourists it deserves to be, says The Jerusalem Post's YAACOV ARDON.

ACRE COULD easily live on its past. Showing it to tourists would give them an experience they cannot get elsewhere in the world. That past is long and eventful, often as dramatic as Acre's present is dreary. On evidence that has come to light so far archaeologists believe that Acre, Jericho and Beit She'an are among the oldest towns not only in our area, but in the whole world. In some form, the three towns have been continuously inhabited to this day for at least some 4,000 years.

But even in the small league of ancient towns, in Mesopotamia, in the Nile Valley, or in Israel, Acre is unique. Much of its "recent" past, going back over 800 years, has been excellently preserved under the protective wrap of earth and rubble. Not because of any respect for the past and its relics, but because successive generations were in as much of a hurry to solve their housing problems as young couples and newcomers are today: they found it saved time, labour and money to shovel earth on the abandoned structures, and build on top of them rather than knock them down.

That is how Acre came to possess the best preserved Crusader castle in the Holy Land. Ancient Acre from the dawn of history to our millennium, is now being brought to light in annual excavations on land and at sea, conducted by Haifa University and financed by private contributions of public-spirited businessmen.

When the name of Acre turns up for the first time in written records — in hieroglyphics of the Pharaoh Thutmose III — about 3,500 years ago, it was already a place of importance as a fortified flourishing town. The enterprising Phoenicians, seafarers, traders, glassmakers, made it the most important port in the Middle East. Part of the portion of the tribe of Asher, Acre was one of the towns that the Israelites were unable to capture, and while it fell under the rule of many conquerors down the ages, it never came under Israeli sovereignty until May 19, 1948.

GEOLOGY, geography and man's perennial restlessness and resource combined at Acre to produce an ideal port town, surrounded by the sea on three sides, easy for man to defend and with a

protected bay in which ships could shelter.

From there, the ancient trade routes led inland, east to Mesopotamia and south to Egypt. Archaeological evidence suggests a lively maritime trade with other Mediterranean ports.

The town must have been a meeting-place for men of many nations, languages and faiths, its inns and taverns intellectual trading-posts for news and views, knowledge of all kinds, literature, art, skills and innovations.

At all times, at least until the advent of printing, port towns had a more cosmopolitan, more tolerant, permissive outlook than their landlocked sisters, and were less given to any forms of fanaticism other than that of making money.

As early as the fourth century BCE Greek traders were permanent residents of Acre. Greek mythology had Hercules recovering there from a wound he suffered during his career of violence.

Today he would have found fitting accommodation at the only modern hotel, the four-star Palm Beach (strictly kosher, too), but little else to hasten his con-

vascence. He would have been better entertained at Nahariya, as are the UNIFIL soldiers. But in ancient times, Acre was a great attraction for travellers.

Its prosperity as a port and commercial hub rose and ebbed, often lasting for generations, undisturbed by the frequent changes of ownership and flag. After Alexander the Great, it saw 12 different overlords in 120 years. One of them, Ptolemy II of Egypt, had the bad taste to change its name to Ptolemais. It took nearly 900 years before the Moslem invaders of 638 A.D. restored its ancient name.

In 1104 the Crusaders, an all-European Christian expeditionary force, took Acre after a siege of only 20 days, and made it the chief port of the Latin Kingdom. They fortified it and later built the monumental fortress, part of which has been excavated in our days. A little-known fact is that in 1180, the Count of Flanders, Philipps d'Alsace, built a castle in Ghent which was an exact replica, in all its architectural detail, of the Acre fortress.

In 1187, the Kurdish general Salah'ed-Din, having just defeated the Crusaders at Hattin, near

Tiberias, during a heavy rain, captured Acre, which became the capital of the Kingdom after the loss, that year, of Jerusalem. Crusaders did not give up, however, and four years later they retook Acre, to hold it for a century.

Once again it flourished as one of the great ports of the Mediterranean, with a big over of spices, textiles and manufactured goods. The part did I see any representative of the local residents, but they have got to be partners in any public project.

"Tour operators tell me they give Acre an hour in their sightseeing programmes. Maybe they allow for lunch at the Palm Beach Hotel, by the sea.

"People who should know say that Acre is the country's finest historic plum after Jerusalem. But nothing is done about it. Here you have two complete and largely intact towns, one on top of the other. And there is more to Acre than Crusaders and Moslems. Napoleon's siege would make a wonderful *Sou et Lumiere* subject. But whatever you do must be among people who smile at tourists.

astonishment at the orderliness, courtesy and precision of the customs house staff.

The whole fascinating story has been compiled by Bernhard Dichter, a local engineer who has become the historian of Acre. By collecting material from every possible source — books, maps and bibliographical information — he has rendered an invaluable service to the town.

The Egyptian Mamelukes, under Sultan Ashraf, put an end to the Latin Kingdom in 1291 captured Acre, which immediately began to decline. For nearly 500 years, time stood still there. It took an energetic Beduin sheikh, Daher el-Omar, and his successor, an Albanian savage by the name of Ahmed el-Jazzar (the Butcher), to revive the town by restoring the fortifications and raising new public buildings, among them the beautiful mosque, the aqueduct and several khans or caravanserais.

IT IS THE handiwork of the Crusaders and these Moslem despots that makes the Old City of Acre such an exceptional site today. But this picturesque heirloom is hidden in a setting that breathes neglect and indifference to the elementary needs of the residents and visitors alike.

For three hours I walked through the Old City without encountering a police patrol. There were no signs in any language to tell a stranger where he was, what he was seeing. No maps, no directions to a public lavatory, a drinking-water fountain, a telephone. The alleyways were far from clean. The moats outside the walls, even near the town hall, are disfigured by litter. The splendid seaside promenade is clean, but does not have a single tree or other source of shade.

There are two oases of planned and successful effort: a youth hostel inside the Old City, and a parking lot, complete with a neat kiosk, tables and sunshades, a souvenir shop and a neat toilet. Both are the work of the Old City Development Company.

Architect Sa'adia Mandel (who fathered the Old Jaffa development project) says he has been drawing up plans for Acre on and off since 1966.

"Little of all these plans has been carried out. Plans are not enough. You cannot create a suitable climate for tourism against the indifference or suspicion of an uncooperative population. People are part of the urban fabric.

"The 10,000 inhabitants of the Old City are almost all Arabs. Their housing conditions are intolerable. Most of their homes belong to Amidar, but the state housing company could hardly care less. At not a single committee meeting in which I took part did I see any representative of the local residents, but they have got to be partners in any public project.

"Tour operators tell me they give Acre an hour in their sightseeing programmes. Maybe they allow for lunch at the Palm Beach Hotel, by the sea.

"People who should know say that Acre is the country's finest historic plum after Jerusalem. But nothing is done about it. Here you have two complete and largely intact towns, one on top of the other. And there is more to Acre than Crusaders and Moslems. Napoleon's siege would make a wonderful *Sou et Lumiere* subject. But whatever you do must be among people who smile at tourists.

A Moslem held the Latin Kingdom for a century. A concession for collecting customs from traders and travellers. One of these recorded

"For planning and executing the complete rehabilitation of everything, the old and the new, the fabric and the human material, you need a single agency with full executive authority, as in Jaffa, or Yemin Moshe in Jerusalem, and it should be a partnership of the Tourism Ministry and the municipality."

"I BELIEVE in the tremendous potential of the place, as a tourist attraction," says Mendi Porat, director of the government-controlled Old City Development Company, explaining why he took the job less than a year ago. "There is still a great deal to do: the Crusaders' town must be dug up, the Ottoman buildings restored. A marina must be built to attract sea-minded tourists. The bad urban conditions must be dealt with and the overcrowding must be relieved. It breeds crime, drug addiction, vandalism. People here don't own their homes. With Amidar as their landlords, they don't care about keeping them up properly. The infrastructure — water, electricity, sewage and so on — needs proper development.

"After 30 years of neglect, a lot needs to be invested. More money has been spent on less important sites. If nothing is done, Old Acre will fall into ruin. It has already started."

Porat says he has several projects ready in his drawers. "One is for three different historical sightseeing routes through the Old City. By following them with or without a guide, tourists can walk past seven centuries. There will be directions and printed explanations on signs, leaflets and maps.

"Another project is to give the Turkish khans a new content. We want to clean them up, to relocate the ugly workshops and storage dumps, then turn them over to suitable craftsmen, artists and shopkeepers who have something to offer visitors. For those who like water sports we would like to build a marina, and a paved plaza for fishermen.

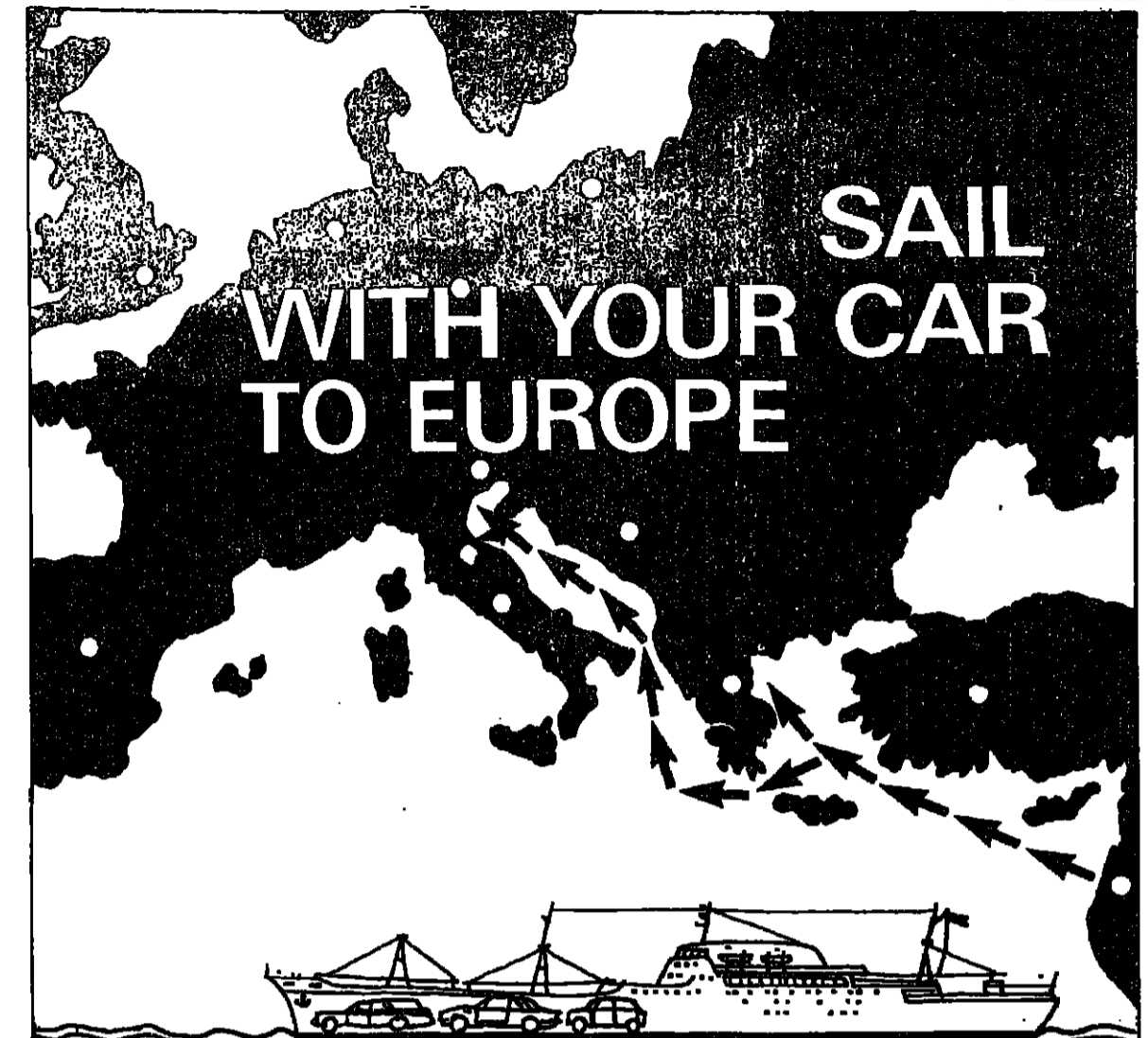
"The total cost? Without the marina it would come to IL120 m. at today's prices."

The only project being carried out at present and soon to be completed is architect Sa'adia Mandel's promenade along the southern Turkish period wall, at a cost of IL7m. The promenade is high above the sea and offers a fine view of Haifa Bay (which was still called Acre Bay in the 19th century).

But more riches of the Old City's past are still buried in the ground, under many tons of Turkish rubble.

The fortress which the Crusaders built was so massive and strong that the Moslems (Egyptian, Turkish and local in turn) did not bother to wreck it, in the time-honoured manner of all conquerors, but simply filled it up with rubble and built over it. Some of it has been cleared to reveal the magnificent Knight's Hall and other underground chambers that provide Acre's main archaeological attraction for tourists at present.

But tourism is like most industries: investment follows vision and know-how, income follows investment. For unimaginative and indifferent bureaucrats the Old City of Acre is no more than a far-away, quaint place. Its best lobbyists, the Phoenicians, Greeks, Crusaders, Italian merchants, Moslem potentates, Napoleon, are invisible except to people with an eye for the country's past. □



on the T.S.S. "APPOLONIA" or T.S.S. "NEPTUNIA"

Come to the blue seas. Sail with your car to Europe and enjoy a tour to the loveliest sites in the Mediterranean. When you disembark in Europe, simply drive your car directly from the ship to anywhere you choose on the Continent....

On returning, stuff your heavy luggage and all your belongings inside your car, drive directly to the ship and from there, straight home.

Easier, nicer, cheaper — to sail with your own car to Europe on board the "Appolonia" or "Neptunia."

The route to Europe begins at Haifa.

Safety classification given by the Director of Shipping and Ports: Appolonia-C (Built 1948), Neptunia-AA (Built 1956)

For further information, please apply to any travel agency or to the General Agents: J. CASPI Haifa: 1 Natan Kalesman St., Tel. 640088, 680026 Tel Aviv: 26 Lilienblum St., Tel. 91412, 64886 Jerusalem: 4 Yanai St., Tel. 242288

123 Ben Yehuda, Street Tel Aviv

Exclusive design & construction

50 MODELS VARIOUS SIZES

100 ASSEMBLY ALTERNATIVES

BOOKCASES WITH DUST-EXCLUDING GLASS DOORS

SPECIALLY DEEP BOOKCASES

MODULAR BOOKCASES

6 shelves: h. 190 cm. w. 150 cm. d. 20, 24 cm.

7 shelves: h. 206 cm. w. 150 cm. d. 24, 30 cm.

7 shelves: h. 206 cm. w. 150 cm. d. 24, 30 cm.

7 shelves: h. 206 cm. w. 150 cm. d. 24, 30 cm.

7 shelves: h. 206 cm. w. 150 cm. d. 24, 30 cm.

7 wide shelves: h. 245 cm. w. 80 cm. d. 24, 30 cm.

With each unit: h. 245 cm. d. 20 cm. d. 24 cm.

7 heights: 85 - 295 cm. 3 widths: 60, 80, 90 cm. 2 depths: 20, 24 cm.

With glass doors. As base for bookcase, or as self-contained unit. For big books, records, stereo or tv.

All sizes of Intersystem bookcases can be assembled to suit the dimensions of the room or office.

Special department for planning and interior design

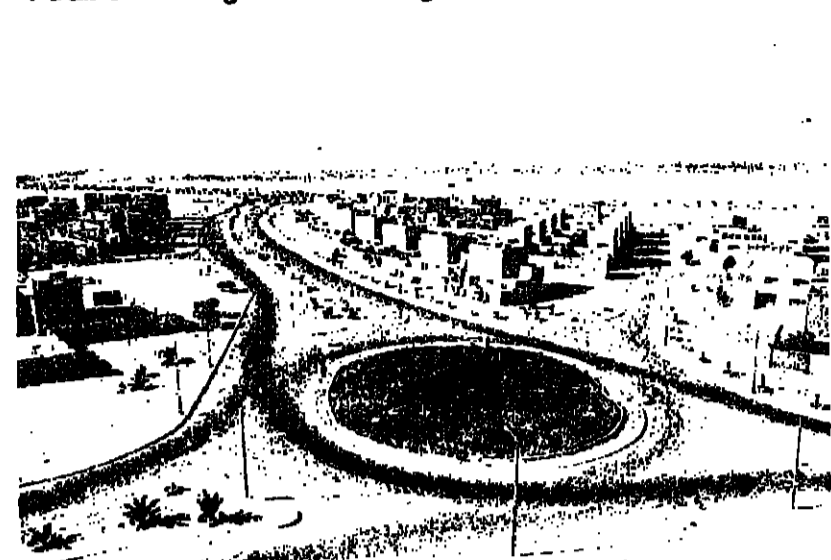
INTERSYSTEM MODULAR BOOKCASES

123 Ben Yehuda, Street Tel Aviv, Tel. 242817

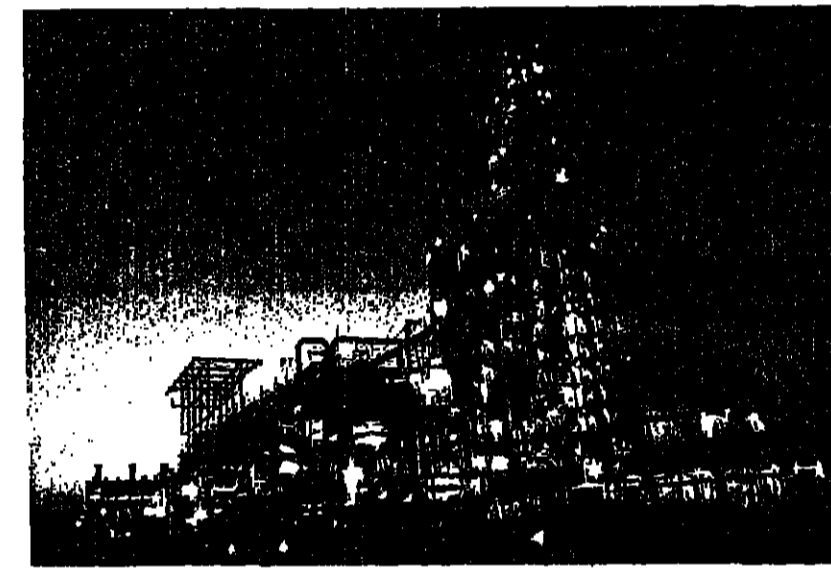
Open: Sun. - Mon. 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. 4:00 - 7:00 p.m. Friday 9:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. Closed Tuesday afternoon

In the Arab labyrinth

Last month, Collins published a vividly impressionistic report on life inside the Middle East oil states, 'Arabia through the looking Glass,' by JONATHAN RABAN. This is the first of two extracts from the book.



(Clockwise from top left): Bahrain's Isa Town; traditionally clad residents of Abu Dhabi; donkey used to deliver kerosene in Manama; oil pumps after dark



is Arabia's strongest bastion against monoculture. Things are kept separate — gold and meat, vegetables and clothing, spices and hi-fi sets...every category has at least one street to itself.

This separation of objects keeps people apart too; at each turn in the maze one notices a distinct difference in skin-colour and style of dress. One cannot go more than a hundred yards without trespassing across a clearly defined boundary. A blind man could find his way through the labyrinth by smell alone: machine oil gives way to turmeric and coriander, sweet sawdust to the acid barnyard odour of live chickens, roast coffee to the oddly musky scent of cheap plastic.

In one step at the end of a street I crossed from a world of mud and wood to one of marble, glass and concrete. I had been threading my way through a long, rustling procession of black veils; suddenly there were only business suits and sharkskin document cases. The line of banks on Government Road was taller and wider than the lines of spice-sellers and carpenters; but it had the same air of being a single specialized component in a labyrinthine system. Hypertensive men with clumsily drawn mid-Western faces were paying off their double-parked taxis.

International money has a smell just as distinctive as that of coffee — a subtle blend of underarm deodorant, dry-cleaning fluid, Havana Coronas, and exhaust

fumes. Like all the other smells in the bazaar, it marks just one route within the city. Stray just a few yards from the route, and the smell is instantly displaced by the scent of another pattern of life altogether.

Everyone in suburban Manama that morning seemed to be either up a ladder or down a hole. Grey egg-boxes, sheathed in scaffolding, dwarfed the minarets. Along the shoreline, dredgers were hauling sand out of the Gulf and piling it on to the island.

Bahrain was getting visibly bigger by the minute, growing upwards and outwards in a frantic, last-minute dash to make the most of its diminishing oil revenues. Windy, unfinished skeletons announced themselves as hospitals, secondary schools, sports centres and department stores.

Truckloads of Korean construction workers, looking like prisoners of war in their green uniforms and forage caps, hurtled round roundabouts, en route to some wild multilingual adventure playground of swaying steel girders and pools of wet cement.

I had read that Bahrain was the oldest, poorest and most staid of the Gulf States. It didn't look it. It still had the air of a honeypot buzzing with excited flies. Every building site was decked out with signboards that read like a directory of international bluebottles: the Japanese were doing this, the Germans that, the French the other, the British something else; the Americans were lapping up

their share of the honey, and so were the Indians, the Swedes, the Dutch, and a host of stateless corporations living in tax-exile at no fixed address.

In England, firms like to boast of their reliable longevity; 'Established 1826.' Manama did not seem keen on history. The words 'new' and 'modern' were evidently regarded as surer guarantees. It was impossible not to be infected with the excitement of this headlong dash into modernity; it was like stumbling through a time lock into the heyday of the industrial revolution, and it required a 19th-century cast of mind to appreciate it.

Adrift in my hired car, I felt carried along by the sheer exuberance of this phillistine poetry of change for change's sake. Sea was being turned into land; oil into gasoline; prawns into frozen packets; base metal into shiny tubes and pipes; and along the sides of every road, men were bashing at pavements with pickaxes and sledgehammers for no apparent reason. Nothing, it seemed, was being allowed to remain in any one state for any extended period of time; everything had to be dug up, frozen, moved about, reconstructed, smelted, refined.

MY TIRING hours in London embassies, spent leafing through reference works on the Middle East, had supplied me with a cartoon-outline of the economy of the oil states. In every country on

the Gulf, a clock is slowly winding down; some have 30 years before their oil runs out, some 20, some like Bahrain, are already down to the last drops of their reserves. Either they can invest the revenues and live like Victorian gentry on interest and rents, or national pension schemes; or they can risk their money on a tantalizing dream of 'diversification,' setting up industries which will go on producing well long after the oil fields have been pumped dry.

The word itself had sounded dull. I had found the graphs were always accompanied it incoherent, but on the ground this idea of diversification took a kind of insane vigour.

Wherever I looked, Bahrain was diversifying. Buckets of concrete were being hauled up and down winches; steel piles driven into the sand; whole sides of cranes swung across the sky; trucks delivering raw materials to factories which were as yet marked out on a strip of reclaimed waste land.

Much of this diversification went no further than the worksite, a signboard erected over a old drums and a tangle of bare wire; yet it seemed obvious that the Hilton would be there by tea-time and a school up in time for lessons tomorrow morning at the latest.

MY TIRING hours in London embassies, spent leafing through reference works on the Middle East, had supplied me with a cartoon-outline of the economy of the oil states. In every country on

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

DANCE

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY — Cave of the Heart (music: Samuel Barber; decor: Isamu Noguchi); El Penitente (music: Louis Horst); decor: Isamu Noguchi); Ecuatorial (music: Edgar Varese; decor: Marisol); Diversion of Angels (music: Norman Della Jola). (Tel Aviv, Habimah, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Appalachian Spring (music: Aaron Copland; decor: Isamu Noguchi); Errand into the Maze (music: Gian Carlo Menotti); decor: Isamu Noguchi); The Owl and the Pussycat (music: Samuel Barber). (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

Seraphic Dialogue (music: Norman Della Jola; decor: Isamu Noguchi); The Owl and the Pussycat (music: Samuel Barber); Diversion of Angels (music: Norman Della Jola). (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Cave of the Heart (music: Samuel Barber; decor: Isamu Noguchi); O Thou Dear Who Art About to Sing (music: Meyer Kuperman); decor: Marisol); Lamentation (music: Louis Horst); Diversion of Angels (music: Norman Della Jola). (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Diversion of Angels (music: Norman Della Jola); Phaedra (music: Robert Suter); decor: Isamu Noguchi); The Owl and the Pussycat (music: Samuel Barber); decor: Marisol). (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem — **ALOHA NUI LOA** — Hawaiian songs and stories. Venue and Denise on dulcimer and guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Series by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Herta Bernard and Michael Schneider. In English. (Hilton Hotel, tonight, tickets should be booked before Shabbat; King David Hotel, tomorrow)

JAZZ — With Israel's top jazz musicians. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JULIAN OHAGIRIN — British mime-comedian. (Khan, opposite railway station, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

LITERARY EVENING — Poets' stage. In Hebrew. Poets read from their newly published works (Tzavta, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

PIANO BAR — Jazz and blues with pianist Nahum Perekovitch. Plus hot wine. (Tzavta, tonight at 9)

YONATAN GEFEN, ASTAR SHAMIR — (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv — **DAVID BROZA** — (Little Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvrol, tomorrow at midnight)

DUDU DOTAN — (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Priesch, tonight at 10.30)

ESPRESSO GENERATION — With the 'Hakol Over Habiv' group. (Beit Arioso, 6 Beilinson, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

CHILDREN & YOUTH

KISHKASHYA — Play with puppets. (Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, 11 Bessalel, Sunday; Nazareth, Beit Ha'am, Monday at 4 p.m.; Holon, Yad Lebanim, Tuesday at 8 p.m.; Haadera, Hof, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Motzkin, Orot, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

PETER PAN — Play. (Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

MARATHON CONCERT — With the participation of the chamber music summer course, directed by Rami Shaviv and Rahel Adoniella. (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)



Roger Moore as Bond inspects a phial of colourless liquid which he discovers in Dr. X's laboratory in "Moonraker."

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem — **DINNER THEATRE** — "The Typl" by Murray Schislat and "The Sugar Plum" by Israel Horowitz. In English. Plus gourmet dinner. (Diplomat Hotel, Monday and Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

ON LIFE AND DEATH — (Tzavta, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

ON LIFE AND DEATH — Puppet theatre for adults. (Khan, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv — **INTRODUCING TO DEATH** — Rock play by Idan Bobol. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvrol, tonight at 8; Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

ERIC'S PUPPET THEATRE — "The Italian in Algiers." (Beit Hehaya, Weizmann and Pinkus, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

GAZZOZ — (Ashkelon, Rahel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — (Ramat Gan, Orde, tomorrow at 9.15 p.m.; Kiryat Tabor, Wednesday at 9.15 p.m.)

LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON — With Gadi Yagil and Hanna Leshol. (Givatsayim, Shavit, tonight at 10; Arad, tomorrow at 7 and 9.30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — (Sha'ar Hanagev, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

TSLIL MECHUVAN — (Neve Sha'anani, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN & YOUTH

KISHKASHYA — Play with puppets. (Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, 11 Bessalel, Sunday; Nazareth, Beit Ha'am, Monday at 4 p.m.; Holon, Yad Lebanim, Tuesday at 8 p.m.; Haadera, Hof, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Motzkin, Orot, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

PETER PAN — Play. (Jerusalem, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

MARATHON CONCERT — With the participation of the chamber music summer course, directed by Rami Shaviv and Rahel Adoniella. (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

CLOSE YOUR eyes and listen. You can almost hear the surf as it pounds the shore, with the wind rustling coconut trees. You conjure up visions of nubile maidens swaying sensuously in their grass skirts.

Island sounds

ON THE TOWN
Lynda Schuster

Honolulu? Waikiki? Tahiti? No, it's a bit of the islands transported to Israel by musicians Denise Jeweks and Vinny Bryan, who will perform at Jerusalem's Tzavta tomorrow night.

The two are in Israel to "spy out the land" and "check out the surfing."

"Denise is Jewish and I am interested in the Bahai faith, so we have always wanted to come to the Holy Land," Bryan told *The Jerusalem Post* last week.

Hawaiian-born Bryan studied guitar as a child, and continued playing at university, although not seriously.

"I spoke pidgin English as a child, and picked up Polynesian from my playmates. It was impossible not to learn songs and folklore, you hear music and singing everywhere on the islands," he said.



His professional career didn't begin until he met Denise in Kauai in 1972; she had just moved there from San Francisco in order to indulge in her favourite pastime, surfing.

"I had been working small clubs, singing mostly folk and folk-rock," she said. "Vinny and I used to play music together occasionally until our friends convinced us we should form a serious act."

Bryan explained that *hula* is the "tai chi" of Polynesia, only a small part of a rich folk culture. "Ancient Polynesian music, that is music that predates Captain Cook's discovery of the island about 200 years ago, was very simple. Songs were chanted without melody or scale. Instruments were also elementary: gourds, rattle devices, and castanets."

There were no string instruments before Cook, certainly not the ukulele everyone associates with Hawaiian music. Polynesians were more than ready to adopt the ways of the missionaries who followed Cook,

according to Jeweks. Their society operated on a caste system which was so complex that it had become inoperative.

The missionaries translated the Bible and other religious material, including hymns, for the islanders, who acquired Western melody and structure and adapted it to fit their music.

"Portuguese cowboys who brought cattle ranching to the islands about 150 years ago also brought along the guitar," added Bryan. "Natives didn't know how to tune them and would strum until they found what sounded like a good key. That's why Hawaiian music sounds off key to Western ears."

Jeweks said that *hula* was originally performed by men only, and taught by a *kuma hula*, a sort of dance guru. *Hula* has religious significance, and incorporates mythical and mystical elements. She thinks it was ultimately taken over by women for aesthetic reasons. "But it is every bit as sexy when men dance it," said Jeweks.

"Music is everywhere," continued Jeweks. Their society operated on a caste system which was so complex that it had become inoperative.

continued Jeweks, "and there is always a pageant or party. Everybody joins in singing and dancing, not only entertainers. Even young people, after they put away their disco shoes for the night, go down to the beach for a traditional sing-along. Hawaiians are very aware of their cultural heritage and very proud."

JEWEEKS and Bryan began to "feel rusty" after being on holiday for two months; they auditioned for Tzavta director Dan Goldblatt, who was "enchanted."

Goldblatt's office was transformed into a moonlit beach outlined by a distant volcano as Jeweks and Bryan cast a spell with a private performance. She was on dulcimer, he on guitar. Bryan sang an ancient Polynesian chant, deep tones punctuated by a changing cadence. "I am cold, it is raining on the seashore, it is raining in the mountains..." As Jeweks translated, clear, lovely notes washed over the room, much like the sea.

"Aloha from Jerusalem."

Bridge to the subconscious

DANCE/Dora Sowden



Dora Sowden

The therapy needs in Israel, said Mara Cappy, seem particularly urgent and varied.

The first students will be screened next summer when she herself expects to return. The "ultimate aim" is an "umbrella programme" of therapy involving all the expressive arts — drama, music, dance — with visiting therapists conducting workshops.

Dawn Horwitz's project is to introduce easy methods for learning Labanotation, which is used to record dance movement in the same way that a musical score indicates sound. "This isn't new even here, but there is now a new approach which helps the dancer or anyone else to learn to read the notation quickly," she said.

She claimed that in an hour a student can be taught to read simple things in Labanotation. Folk and other dance works could be exactly reproduced on stage. The notation was invented by Rudolf von Laban, an Hungarian dance teacher who died in 1958. Formerly, learning the system was an arduous process.

Two American experts in different fields of dance have visited Israel with a view to bringing new skills here. Mara Cappy is a dance therapist, co-director of the Dance Therapy programme of the Psychology Department of the Antioch University Graduate School. Dawn Horwitz is the Director of Education at the Dance Notation Bureau in New York.

Mara Cappy came to Israel at the invitation of the Creative and Expressive Arts Therapies Association. During a previous visit last year, she developed the idea of establishing a "collaborative programme of dance and movement therapy" between Antioch University and an Israeli university.

The association pursued the matter and this time she has carried the project a step further. She hopes that courses leading up first to a diploma and later to a degree in dance therapy may be established by September 1980.

"Other universities have shown interest," said Cappy, "but Haifa University seems to me most appropriate because of its heterogeneous student body. It could even be an ideal international centre."

Trained in dance at the Juilliard School in New York and in psychological and therapy studies, Mara Cappy is working on a doctoral thesis on the translation of Jung's psycho-analytical therapy into movement. The thesis is based on the theory that "the body is a bridge between the conscious and subconscious." Dance movements based on Jungian psychology can help the mentally ill and persons suffering the normal stresses of daily living, she believes.

"There are already good workers in Israel in the movement therapy field," she said. "The purpose of establishing an institutional home for the programme, for issuing certificates and later exchanging faculty and students with Antioch is to fill academic gaps here. "I was completely moved by the

Horwitz went on to teach, then to study dance history and Laban theory. After teaching at Brooklyn College for four years she took up her present position in the Dance Notation Bureau.

"The Labanotation isn't only a tool for dance," she said. "It can even help children to learn to read, but it is invaluable in dance history and performance." A new programme for balletmasters at the Dance Notation Bureau teaches them to read notation in the first week and construct it in the second.

Dances are now recreated from dance scores and, as Earl Ubell, chairman of the bureau, has written, not by the "monkey-see-monkey-do technique." Video tapes are not enough. "Reconstructing from film is like sitting a symphony orchestra in front of a recording and letting the musicians learn the music."

The Dance Library of Israel has welcomed the project to develop the study of Labanotation and has decided to launch a "pilot project" for introducing the notation. Later in the year, a member of the bureau will give three lecture-demonstrations in different parts of Israel. The Dance Library will organize the project, and all materials — films, slides, books — will become part of the library's permanent collection. In a three-day workshop, the basic principles of Labanotation and its uses in teaching, choreographing and recording dance will be explained.

Dawn Horwitz will return to help establish the project. "I'm excited to be able to contribute something to Israel. I think it's worth while," she said.

This Week in Israel - The leading Tourist Guide - The

RESTAURANTS JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

The KHAN RESTAURANT

Fish & Meat Specialties
Finest Continental & Oriental Food
Excellent Service

Open for Lunch & Dinner
Major Credit Cards Accepted
Eat as much as you can at the SATURDAY LUNCH BUFFET
Traditional Jewish Food
ALL FOR \$7

Located at the Khan Center
2 David Remez Sq.
(near
Railway Station)
Tel. (02) 719802

Saint George Restaurant

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE

Come to eat, while feeling the atmosphere of the Holy Land, at Saint George Restaurant.

High-class restaurant, charcoal-grilled meats of finest Oriental and European food.

Enjoy food and service of the highest quality.

Fully airconditioned. Group meals accepted.

Please ring (02) 743780 for reservations.

BETHLEHEM, P.O. BOX 61
MANGER SQUARE

EIFFEL DISCO

LATEST RECORDS
ALL NEW DISCO MUSIC
ARAB BELLY-DANCERS
MODERN ATMOSPHERE
Reservations: Tel. (02) 272052

Show will start at 10 pm.
23 Sufian Suliman St.
Next to the Post Office

This Week in Israel - The leading Tourist Guide - This Week in Israel - The leading To

JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS JERUSALEM RESTAURANTS

GEORGIA RESTAURANT

THE ONLY GEORGIAN RESTAURANT

Air-conditioned K kosher
Georgian and Russian food Bar and Entertainment

Enjoy a "businessman's" lunch in the street-level bar
Elegant lunch or dinner in the formal downstairs restaurant.

4 King David St., Jerusalem

Where the world's famous have dined.
The only restaurant in Jerusalem where you can have dinner with music.
Tel. (02) 227577

HESSE

a traditional Jerusalem meeting-place
EXCLUSIVE FRENCH RESTAURANT

Personal polite service Background music
Fully air-conditioned Open daily for lunch & dinner
COFFEE HOUSE - TERRACE
We are happy to announce the arrival of our new French Chef.

Come and enjoy the products of his superior, international-level culinary skills.

5 S. Ben Shetah St. Jerusalem Tel. 226893

MARINA CHINESE RESTAURANT

KOSHER CHINESE CUISINE AT THE

PRESIDENT HOTEL JERUSALEM
Lunch & Dinner
1-3 pm, 7 pm-midnight
RESERVATIONS:
PRESIDENT HOTEL

3 Ahad Ha'am St. (02) 631273

CHIN CHEN

Chinese Restaurant and Take-Away Food

- All styles of Chinese food
- Gentle Chinese atmosphere with gracious service
- Air conditioned

Open for Lunch and Dinner

Golomb St. (Paz Station) Ramat Danya, Jerusalem
Tel. (02) 421600.

Conditon

the oldest wine

From the oldest winery in Israel. Established 1848 in the Old City.

Available in fine stores and duty-free shops.

stark

KOSHER Hungarian & Jewish home-style food

Open Sun.-Thurs., 12 noon-9:30 pm
Open Sat.-evening

Credit cards accepted
21 King George St.
Tel. (02) 226757

David's

Exclusive Discotheque
Complete and Well-Stocked Bar
Exciting Disco Music
Open nightly 8:30 pm-2 am

DIPLOMAT HOTEL TALPIOT, JERUSALEM
TEL. (02) 710831-4

CHAMPS PUB

(WE'RE THE GREATEST)
Open from noon
5 Salmon St. Jerusalem
Off Zion Square

motzainn

European Atmosphere
Moroccan Specialties
Open for Lunch & Dinner 7 Days a Week

Jerusalem - Motza Junction (5 minutes from Jerusalem)
Tel. (02) 532100. Open 11 am-midnight

Central Restaurant

GERLITZ Jewish Cooking
GLAT KOSHER
Va'ed Harabanim of Agudat Yisrael Approved

18 Meitshal Israel St., Gush Quarter
Tel. 284342

Buy coupons for Shabbat meals and holidays in advance

KHUNG HWA

CHINESE FOOD AT POPULAR PRICES.
OPEN FOR LUNCH & DINNER - 7 DAYS A WEEK.

Tel. 02-422748
1 zangwill st., Kiryat hayovel (near gas station, 200 m. from holland sq.)

EBELATH

a stone's throw from the KING DAVID

Great Music Jazz - Tuss. & Thurs. nights
Piano Nightly
Serving: American Steaks, Sandwiches, Homemade Soup,
from noon to 2 am, Sat. open at 7 pm
Happy hour 4-7 pm
20% off on drinks & free snacks
Tel. (02) 226481
28 KING DAVID ST., JERUSALEM

the barn

KOSHER Pizza & fondue
Fondue and other specialties at popular prices. Dinner, bar and seating. Music nightly.

9 Harel St., Jerusalem
Tel. (02) 226080

BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q

every monday IL 308 all inclusive
and thursday 19.30 | jerusalem Hilton **BAR-B-Q BAR-B-Q**

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

AUGUST 17 - AUGUST 23

FRIDAY



Herman Melville TV, 11.00

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Mozart: Requiem (cont.)...

SATURDAY



John Kennedy Army, 16.00

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

SUNDAY



Doris Day Army, 16.00

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Haydn: Six Allamantes (cont.)...

MONDAY



Harry Belafonte TV, 20.00

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Roman: Violin Concerto (cont.)...

TUESDAY



Stacy K. Ophir TV, 21.15

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

WEDNESDAY



Mr. Ed TV, 18.55

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

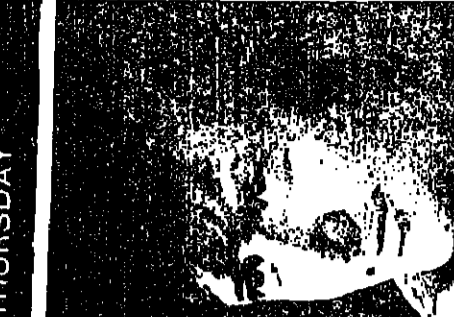
7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - C.P.E. Bach: Minuet (cont.)...

THURSDAY



Gideon Sherner Radio 2nd, 17.30

EDUCATIONAL: 9.00 Cartoons for kindergartners...

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programs: 18.00 News roundup...

JORDAN TV (multilingual): 21.00 News in Arabic...

RADIO

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

7.07 Morning Concert - Schubert: Five German Dances (cont.)...

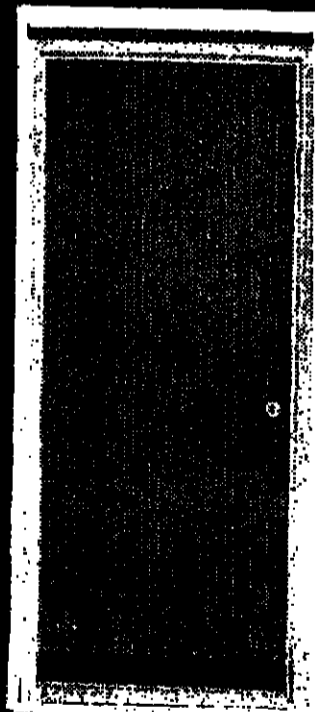
Sony Betamax See what you've been missing.

ask anyone...

SONY logo



Tomorrow.



'Tomorrow' can be a very expensive word. And Pladelet, today, can save you a lot of trouble and money. Pladelet is a 50 kilogram steel barrier to place between everything that matters to you and uninvited strangers. Steel ribs reinforce the door from top to bottom. A Mul-T-Lock security lock controls six steel bars which slide into the door frame in all four directions. Superbly insulated for sound, Pladelet comes fitted with a wide angle viewer (so you can see who's there). A door stopper is also a standard feature. All this security equipment remains invisible to the eye. What remains to be seen is the elegant and classy simplicity of an architect-designed door. It takes a tough door to protect your home — and a wise woman to be ready for an emergency. So why should you be the one to say "If only...?"

For information and details please call:
 Tel-Aviv: 03-853791, 854458
 Haifa: 04-725111/2/3
 Tiberias: 067-92969, 20024
 Netanya: 053-37786
 Petah-Tikva: 03-919383
 Jerusalem: 02-422767, 423769
 Ashkelon: 051-24515
 Beer-Sheva: 057-76840
 Eilat: 059-2750



Pladelet cross section

PLADELET

A Mul-T-Lock product.
 The power within the beauty.

A sense of history

Blanche Baker, seen by millions as Anna in the "Holocaust" series, is now in Israel playing the part of Mary, mother of Jesus, in a Christmas film for CBS. JOAN BORSTEN discovered that the actress brings a lively inquiring mind to her roles.



Blanche Baker in "Mary and Joseph" — a Christian TV special being shot here. (Below) Baker as Mary and Jeff East as Joseph. (Photos: Richard Nowitz.)



PRETTY, green-eyed Blanche Baker, long blonde tresses bound up in a lavender keffiyeh, gingerly crosses the rocky field lined with olive trees. She pokes and pats the visible swelling under her flowing, biblical-style robes. A few hundred metres away, camera-crew prop men are converting a street in Na'alim, a West Bank village so backward it was only recently linked to the national water system and still has no electricity, into the Nazareth of 2,000 years ago.

Twenty-one-year-old Jeff East, recently seen in *Superman* as the adolescent Clark Kent, appears, clad in a burlap tunic. Make-up men are still fussing over his fake beard, which keeps melting in Na'alim's 40-degree heat. Silently, he leads Blanche to the spot where, a teenager very much in love with his young girlfriend, he offers to help her raise "someone else's baby."

"But you have to believe me," whispers the exasperated Blanche, who in previous scenes has found it equally difficult to convince the stubborn Jews of Galilee she is still a virgin. The actress who last year won an Emmy for her portrayal in *Holocaust* of Anna Weiss, the 14-year-old German-Jewish girl who goes into shock after being raped by the Germans and is eventually gassed, is this year playing the mother of Jesus.

"*Mary and Joseph* is a very human retelling of the Christ story," says producer Gene Corman of his three-hour-long, \$5m. film, which NBC-TV will air in the U.S. this December 23 as its annual "Christmas Special." Starring with Baker and East is veteran stage actress Coleen Dewhurst, who plays Elizabeth, wife of Zachariah and mother of John the Baptist.

"*Mary and Joseph* is a lot of hard work," says Blanche. "In the past three weeks I've been stoned, beaten, thrown to the ground, run over by the Roman cavalry, and tried for blasphemy. When I go for a swim at the hotel, people look at my black and blue marks, cuts and scratches, and think I have a kinky husband."

Corman laughs. This shoot, which has already seen at least one extra injured, is simple compared with *The Big Red One*, the massive World War II film he made here last summer.

"IT'S GOING to be a good show," the veteran of almost 40 movies says of his first TV venture. "And I have Shlomo Mograbi of Israfilms and the local technicians to thank. I brought almost no crew with me this time. Everyone from cameraman Adam Greenberg to the wardrobe mistress and 50 of the actors who have speaking roles are Israeli."

The highly-strung assistant director screams, "Action." Baker and East replay the scene for the fourth time, as usual alibing the script's stilted dialogue, some of it lifted directly from the New Testament.

"At least they're trying to make this film as believable and realistic as possible," says East. "I was born a Catholic and even I have never been able to swallow the immaculate conception story. But the script calls for Blanche to have her baby not among the cows in a manger, but in a cave outside Bethlehem. And Joseph isn't an old Dutch uncle but a young lover."

"We're lucky that Eric Till is an actor's director," adds Blanche. "For instance, there's a scene in the film where I learn from the angel Gabriel that I'm about to bear the Messiah. I mean, even I

love miracles, but if that isn't played simply, it could really be shmaltzy."

BACK IN her Tel Aviv hotel room, Blanche ferrets out several pages of copious notes and sketches, the results of her investigation at the New York Public Library into the clothes and customs of the Second Commonwealth period.

"At least my part of the movie is going to be historically ac-

curate, and the fact that I was raised Jewish and know Jewish customs also helps," says the daughter of Carol "Baby Doll" Baker, the American sexpot of the 50s who converted to marry film director/drama coach Jack Garfein. "I was able to show the other actors how to rend their garments during the scene when everyone mourns Mary's father."

Blanche and the Israeli film crew were the first to point out to

Corman that his Los Angeles research man didn't earn his fat fee — the script calls for the bereaved Jewish males to shave off their beards during the *shivva* period.

Blanche, a former pre-med student who dropped out of Wellesley College two years ago to try her luck as an actress, believes in thorough research. In fact, she attributes her success in *Holocaust* to the three months she devoted to preparing for the role.

"I began by asking my father, who passed through nine concentration camps and was interned in six, to tell what he remembers of his life in Eastern Europe and the war. I already knew something about the subject. I mean, every Passover our relatives and friends would start talking about those who died. And my father never recovered from the experience. Once, he wouldn't enter an office because the sound of typewriters reminded him of cattle cars. And for years he couldn't look anyone wearing glasses straight in the eye: his father was wearing glasses the last time they met."

Jack Garfein drew his 19-year-old daughter a map of his Czechoslovakian hometown, Bardejov, and she hitch-hiked through the country, searching for the "obscure place." She was stopped frequently and questioned — "maybe because I was a young girl on my own, maybe because they suspected my origins." Her fluency in Italian and French, languages learned while living in Europe with her mother (the Garfeins were divorced 12 years ago) rarely helped. Neither did her collection of English-Polish, English-Czech, and Czech-Polish dictionaries.

"WHEN I FINALLY got to Bardejov, I easily found the old synagogue, now a public swimming pool, but not my father's house. No one would help me, either. Then I hit on asking three old men seated on a bench in the park. One remembered the house. It was on the last street in town, all boarded up and slated for demolition in another two weeks."

"It was a nice house, obviously once the home of a well-to-do family, but seeing it made me very angry. It was clear that such a family must have owned wonderful things and I wanted to know what kind of things and what happened to them."

"I had a similar reaction to Auschwitz, where my father's sister and mother were gassed. I had expected to feel sentimental. I didn't. Instead, I was furious with the Germans for having taken these two relatives away from me. For the first time I thought of them not as my father's mother and sister, but as my grandmother and my aunt."

Garfein, then eight, his sister Hedy, a year younger, and their mother escaped from Bardejov soon after the Nazis occupied the town. When all Jews were told to gather their personal effects and supplies, Blanche's grandmother, suspecting they were not being taken off to a rest farm, ripped the armbands from her children's clothes and dragged them through the centre of town, flirting with German soldiers as she went. They were smuggled into Hungary by friends but eventually fell into Nazi hands.

From Czechoslovakia Blanche returned to Poland, where she'd done a month's course at the prestigious Warsaw Academy of Dramatic Arts, going through Eir-kenau and Breslau concentration camps and on to Auschwitz.

"I HATED Auschwitz the most because it was so commercial, full of tourists and ice-cream trucks," remembers Blanche. "And because that is where my father last saw his mother and sister. From Auschwitz he was taken to Bergen-Belsen, where he was liberated by the Allies 33 years to the day before I won my Emmy for *Holocaust*."

"He weighed 48 pounds and was one of three Garfeins left in the world, out of a family which before the war numbered 110. A relative in the States brought him to New York, where he began to work for drama coach Lee Strasberg; he met my mother, then a struggling young actress, when she applied to study at the school."

Filming in Vienna was a miserable experience. "The English actors drank themselves silly," said Blanche. "The Americans just got depressed." Emotionally, the entire cast was drained by the difficult roles and the strain of working with Germans and Austrians who, thinking they were working on a World War II movie, blithely revealed their pro-Nazi sympathies and pasts.

"Can you imagine? One day the caterer set up lunch in the Mathausen gas chamber as a practical joke. Taxi drivers, who never suspected I was Jewish, told me they regretted not having finished the job. One said he was an ex-prison guard. Once, shooting a scene in an Austrian home, we found a photograph album full of pictures of the children dressed in uniforms with swastikas on them."

BLANCHE BASED the character of Anna Weiss on her Aunt Hedy, "because the similarities between the two brave girls seemed so phenomenal. I've always felt that had my aunt been allowed to live and grow up, she would have been a terrific person. I felt the same way about Anna, and tried to make her seem real by conveying that sense to the audience."

Apparently she succeeded — for the first few weeks after *Holocaust* was screened in the U.S., total strangers would stop her in the streets of New York and address her as Anna.

While she was on a lecture tour in Texas, Holocaust survivors would try to exchange experiences with her.

Blanche admits that she had reservations about the *Holocaust* script, its historical inaccuracies and glossy Hollywood touches. But after discussing it with her father, she decided to try out for the part of Anna because "though we didn't imagine the series would be so successful, we felt it was important that as many people as possible know what had happened." A poll taken just previously in American high schools revealed that most teenagers thought Holocaust was a Jewish holy day.

"Working on *Holocaust* was a marvellous experience professionally," said Blanche. "Important for my career because I was able to observe and work with really great actors, especially Michael Moriarty and Meryl Streep. And I'm also pleased that so many Americans and Europeans watched the show."

"It created such interest in the Holocaust that many important documentaries are now being made on the subject, documentaries that no one wanted to fund a year ago. In fact, my father and my brother Herschel, who is a music major at Yale, just took part with me in one entitled *The Children of the Holocaust*." □

zooming in on a specific target



Chen 6 A SPECIFIC SAVINGS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIFIC TARGET

an overseas trip in just six months' time

What wouldn't I give to get away for a while. I badly need a really refreshing break. But... How can I possibly afford it?

Wait! There is a way!

Chen 6 — Discount Bank's new specific savings program. It can help you, to achieve your target in half the time it would usually take. All you do is to deposit whatever you can — from I.L. 300 to I.L. 3000 each month (the first deposit to be equal to 3 monthly instalments) for 6 to 10 months. You will then be eligible for a loan* which you pay back over a period equal to the period that you saved. So, very soon you'll be on

your way abroad for that well — deserved holiday. And when you're back home again — well, you'll open a fresh CHEN 6 account, this time to save up for a stereo set.

Chen 6 — a new Discount Bank hit.

* The loan bears exactly the same rate of interest as you received on your deposit.

It's good to do business with

ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

The human side of the coin.

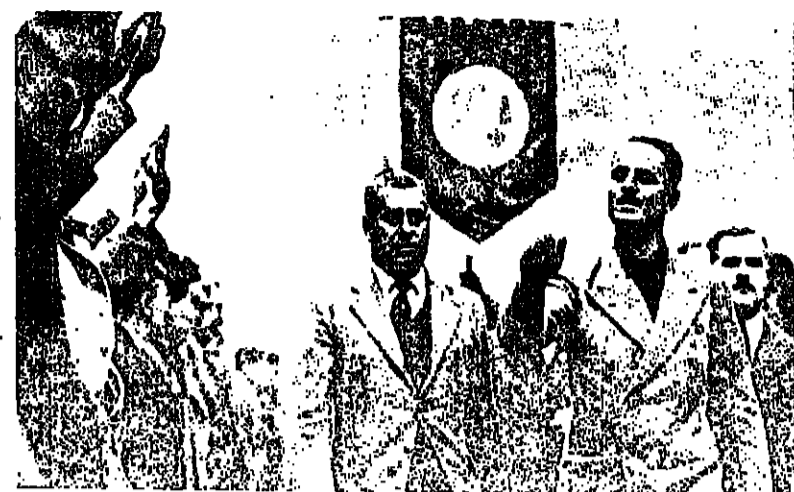
THE BRITISH attitude to the Jews in their midst has been marked by a certain ambivalence. On the one hand, there was respect for the people of the Old Testament combined with pity, as the British pitied all victims of persecution and discrimination except their own. On the other hand, the Jews — like others of non-British origin — remained outsiders, seldom really accepted into British society, remaining "they" rather than "us."

British anti-Semitism is primarily cloaked and genteel. Martin Gilbert has documented certain codewords in British Cabinet documents of the inter-war period, used even by such persons as the leader of the Liberal Party, Sir Archibald Sinclair, to indicate with disdain and warning that a person was a Jew. But the British have resolutely refused to translate social anti-Semitism into political anti-Semitism. Whatever gloomy prognostications may be made for the future, the British political and social structure has up to now been adequate to contain extremism and maintain the much-admired framework of British democracy.

A testing time came during the inter-war period, especially during the Depression, with its massive unemployment. Under the impact of international Fascism, the Jews could well have become a scapegoat for disillusionment. Yet the British Union of Fascists never held a single seat in parliament and only won a few seats in local elections, even at the height of its support in the mid-1930s. In fact, its rowdy tactics, which made Jews nervous, proved counter-productive alienating the general British public, which recoiled from such manifestations. Physical violence has no tradition in mainstream British politics.

In her survey of inter-war political anti-Semitism in Britain, Gisela C. Lebzelter (who, we are told, has no Jewish connections) has examined the sources very thoroughly and has produced a stimulating analysis. Immediately after World War I, there were already open expressions of anti-Semitic sentiment. The part played by Jews in the Bolshevik

Ambivalent Albion



POLITICAL ANTI-SEMITISM IN ENGLAND 1918-1939 by Gisela C. Lebzelter. Longon, Macmillan Press. 222 + x pp. £10.00.

Geoffrey Wigoder

Revolution was widely stressed, and not only in publications with an anti-Jewish bias such as the *Morning Post*.

The *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* was then a bestseller. The first English edition of 30,000 was printed and sold by His Majesty's Printing Office, Eyre and Spottiswoode (albeit on private order from the translator). Its authenticity was endorsed in various quarters.

The *Times* too, was initially alarmed but within a few months carried an exposé of the forgery. Nevertheless the message of the *Protocols* continued to be spread — for example, by Oscar Wilde's erstwhile companion, Lord Alfred Douglas, who in 1924 published what he considered his finest sonnet, beginning:

"The leprous spawn of scattered Israel
Spreads its contagion in your English blood;

Teeming corruption rises like a flood
Whose fountain swelters in the womb of hell.

Your Jew-kept politicians buy and sell

In markets redolent of Jewish mud.

And while the "learned Elders" chew the cud
Of liquidation's fruit, they weave their spell."

HOWEVER, such outbursts remained fringe phenomena. Lebzelter looks in depth at the two anti-Semitic organizations which were active in the pre-Hitler period: the "Britons" and the Imperial Fascist League.

The former were established in 1919 and their publishing company is still in existence. The "Britons" were ultra-conservative Blimps — imperialists, elitists, with many ex-servicemen and colonial administrators among their members. They wanted to oust Jews from their jobs and send them to Palestine ("to live like snakes and other vermin are forced to live in the jungle") or Madagascar (which had the advantage of being out of the way and large enough to accommodate all 60 (sic) million Jews). They published vile, vitriolic material — but never attracted more than a mere handful of followers.

The Imperial Fascist League was founded in 1928 by the psychopathic Arnold Leese, who blamed the Jews for evils such as Freemasonry, Bolshevism and Democracy. After 1933, they adopted the swastika as their emblem, and claimed that Jews should be killed, sterilized, or

segregated (again in Madagascar, which was to be patrolled by a League of Aryan Nations). Already in 1935, Leese wrote "The most certain and permanent way of disposing of the Jews would be to exterminate them by some humane method, such as the lethal chamber." It was the most provocative of the anti-Jewish organizations, with sticker slogans like "Britons — do not allow Jews to tamper with white girls." But its importance falls into perspective in the 1934 Home Office estimate of its membership which was 150. When Leese died about 20 years ago, his widow turned his legacy over to Colin Jordan and his equally peripheral Neo-Fascists.

The main threat, of course, came from Mosley's black-shirted Fascists in the 1930s. Here was a leader of calibre who attracted a considerable number of followers; a Home Office report put its membership at a quarter to half a million but one of its key members, John Beckett, after leaving the party, more realistically said its peak membership — in 1934 — was 20,000.

In recent years, Mosley has endeavoured to adopt an avuncular posture, claiming that he was never an anti-Semite but only opposed to the direction in which Jews were influencing British policy. This is refuted by many quotations, some from himself (such as his thank-you note to Stretcher, affirming that "the power of Jewish corruption must be destroyed in all countries") and many from the newspaper of the movement, whose line must have been set by its leader. (Mussolini also hypocritically dissociated himself from anti-Semitic articles in the official Italian Fascist journal, many of which — it subsequently emerged — were written pseudonymously by himself.)

Increasing domestic stability in the late 1930s, the Public Order Act of 1937 prohibiting the wearing of uniforms in public places and the general revulsion with what was happening in Germany all contributed to Mosley's swift decline. By the outbreak of war, the BUF had no more than 9,000 members.

A SECTION of the book is devoted to Anglo-Jewry's reaction to the Fascist threat in the 1930s. The dilemma was whether to encourage the community to rally in self-defence or to lie low and let events run their course in the hope that the movement would burn itself out. The author is critical of the Board of Deputies' initial choice of the former course.

The Board, which was still controlled by the older elements in Anglo-Jewry, saw anti-Semitism not as a latent hatred but as an imported propaganda drive, and relied on action by the authorities as well as the liberal tradition and innate tolerance of the British to lead to the movement's downfall. An activist attitude came from the grassroots level, led by the British People's Council (there is a certain parallel with the current rift between the Board and the Anti-Nazi League as to how to react to the National Front).

In 1936, the Board changed its direction and established its Defence Committee. This put indirect pressure on the government, conducted a great deal of self-criticism concerning Jewish misbehaviour and launched a rather milk-and-water propaganda campaign on such subjects as "The Jewish Contribution to Civilization." (To illustrate the apologetic atmosphere, I recall a letter in the *Jewish Chronicle* shortly before Rosh Hashana, 1938, in which the writer pointed out that the Hebrew letters for the forthcoming year 5698 spelled "tirzach" — "thou shalt kill" — and urged that they be rearranged as "tirchatz" — "thou shalt wash" — to forestall false allegations.) Many Jews at this time were attracted to the more extreme left, notably the Communist Party, out of identification with its extreme anti-Fascism.

Lebzelter holds that the events of the 1930s in England bear out the connection of anti-Semitism with economic cycles. In England, although three-quarters of the population were estimated to hold unfavourable attitudes to Jews, the anti-Semitic movement failed because of a lack of a public tradition. Dislike of Jews, like many British emotions, was to remain a strictly private affair. □

THE "Arab question" is as old as the Zionist movement itself. From the moment that nationalist Jews began to immigrate into Ottoman Palestine in the last decades of the 19th century it was apparent that they were not "returning" to an empty land and that they could expect opposition to their enterprise, in one form or another, from the local Arabs.

Early conflicts revolved around issues which might have been expected to arise between European settlers and a predominantly rural native population — grazing rights, agricultural theft, land disputes and the like. But after the Young Turk revolution of 1908 and the far-reaching changes brought about by World War I, the confrontation took on an increasingly political character as it developed into a struggle between two national movements that laid claim to the same small country.

NEIL CAPLAN'S superb study takes up the story of the Yishuv and the Arab question on the eve of the Balfour Declaration in November 1917. While Britain's historic promise had little direct effect on the pattern of Jewish-Arab relations that had developed during the pre-war years, it did have a profound influence on the

Conflicting claims

PALESTINE JEWRY AND THE ARAB QUESTION, 1917-1935 by Neil Caplan. London, Frank Cass. 288 pp. £11.00.

Ian Black

mood and expectations of the Yishuv:

"From a minority of no special standing in a few provinces of the Turkish Empire, the Jews of Palestine became the nucleus of a projected Jewish National Home, united by common political aspiration with the ambition, at first greatly inflated, of sharing in the governance of the country or at least maintaining wide autonomous rights within it."

In the years that followed the end of the war it became increasingly difficult, Caplan shows, for Zionists to share the Herzlian optimism that had traditionally — and tragically — regarded Palestine as a country without a people. The fall of Tel Hal in March 1920, the riots in

Jerusalem in April of that year, and again in 1921, all served as grim omens of what the Yishuv could expect if Arab hostility were not kept in check.

There was a debate within the national institutions of the fledgling National Home as to whether the Arabs of Palestine were worthy of the title "national movement." Chaim Arlosoroff believed, with the presence that made his death in 1933 such a loss to Zionism, that "an Arab movement — whatever its type — really exists, and... it would be a calamity for us to belittle its importance or rely on bayonets, whether Jewish or British. This reliance can only be a temporary prop and cannot go on for decades."

BUT THEORETICAL discussion was outstripped by the pressing needs of daily reality. It became of little practical significance whether Arab rioters were motivated by "genuine" national sentiment or simply paid by un-

scrupulous rabble-rousers. The Zionist Executive (this was before the birth of the Jewish Agency) began to grope its way towards an "Arab policy" — using a two-pronged approach that involved both political work and the development of the Hagana as an effective instrument of Yishuv self-defence.

The name of Haim Margalit Kalvarisky, a Russian-born agronomist who came to Palestine in the 1880s, is almost synonymous with the Yishuv's Arab policy in the 1920s. A kindly, if somewhat disorganized man who believed deeply in the possibility — and the necessity — of Semitic brotherhood, he sought, by the generous disbursement of his own meagre funds and the cash he cajoled out of others, to win Arab friends for Zionism.

In November 1921, Caplan relates, Kalvarisky announced the birth of the Moslem National Association, through which he hoped to weaken "the baneful influence" of the nationalist and anti-Zionist "Moslem-Christian Association." The venture was not popular with the mainstream of the Yishuv, which never admitted Kalvarisky into its ranks.

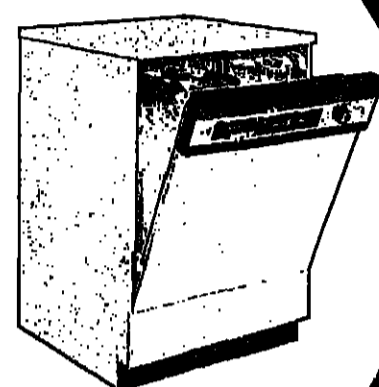
Leonard Stein, adopting a line that men as different as Vladimir

Jabotinsky and David Ben-Gurion were to follow later, argued that "spasmodic attempts to buy off opposition would have to be replaced by a systematic and persistent effort to get to the root of the trouble." And anyway, there was little tangible success in the field so relentlessly ploughed by Kalvarisky, if only, as Caplan points out, because of the tenuous assumption that such a creature as "the Arab moderate" actually existed. The distinction between moderate and extremist may have been useful for Zionist public relations exercises but Meir Dizengoff was much nearer the truth when he told the Va'ad Leumi in 1923 that "the moderates... are the bakshesh-takers who will oppose us if we don't pay them."

Caplan's book is a scholarly work, based on a Ph.D. thesis from London University and firmly anchored in a mass of previously unpublished archival and other documentary material. Chronologically, it dovetails neatly with Yehoshua Porath's masterly *Emergence of the Palestinian Arab National Movement*, and read together the two books provide the authoritative account of the first years of the Arab-Zionist conflict here. □

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

AMERICA'S NO. 1 MAJOR APPLIANCE VALUE-AVAILABLE "DUTY FREE" IN ISRAEL



CUSTOMER CARE ... EVERYWHERE

SHOWROOMS:
TEL AVIV, 11 AHAD HAAM ST. TEL. 53143
JERUSALEM, 24 HILLEL ST. TEL. 227381

AND AT AUTHORIZED AGENTS

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN ISRAEL FOR:
GENERAL ELECTRIC U.S.A.

&
MAGIC CHEF INC. U.S.A.

GENERAL ENGINEERS LTD.

Floating world

THE ARTS OF JAPAN by Seiroku Noma. Tokyo and New York, Kodansha International. Two volumes, 328 and 305 pp. \$16.50 each.

JAPANESE PAINTING by Akiyama Terukazu. New York, Skira-Rizzoli. 217 pp. \$12.50.

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN by Robert Treat Paine and Alexander Sofer. London, Penguin Books: the Pelican History of Art Series. 327 pp. £10.50.

LATER JAPANESE PRINTS selected and introduced by Richard Illing. 65 illustrations with 38 in colour. London, Phaidon Giant Paperback. 88pp. £4.95.

Meir Ronnen



THERE HAS been a steady interchange of influences between Japanese and Western art for centuries; and who can say which side has won?

The influence of Ukiyo-e prints — Japan's most "vulgar" art form — on the West has been tremendous, beginning, in recent times, with Whistler, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Degas and Beardsley, to name only a few. Japanese classical architecture has also had its effect on the West. Less well-known is the fact that Japanese absorption of Western design led to the heights of Ukiyo-e too, though this point is not taken up in any of these books.

Earlier in this century, Japanese art did not profit from Western influences — the Japanese began as copycats. Today, they no longer need to copy the West in anything, but these books do not deal much with contemporary art, or indeed, anything later than the mid-19th century, when Japanese art entered a long sleep from which it only recently emerged, pretty thoroughly internationalized.

SEIROKU NOMA died in 1966, his ultimate life's work uncompleted; scholars John Rosenfield and Glenn T. Webb bring us excellent translations and adaptations of his work and final notes, as well as copious and informative picture captions (the photographs, by Takahashi Bin, are excellent.)

Noma retired as Chief Curator of the Tokyo National Museum in 1964 and was a prolific and sensitive author who divided his work into two volumes for virtually humanistic reasons. The first volume (translated by Rosenfield), deals with ancient and medieval art, and the second (by Webb) from late medieval to 19th century art (there being only a few paragraphs on the 20th century tendency to ape the West).

Noma saw early Japanese art as somewhat demonic, meant to strike awe into lesser mortals, at least those of lower standing than the aristocracy and priestly class. Even the Shinto concept of *Kami*, the power inherent in beauty, was meant to awe. But in the 17th and 18th centuries the average Japanese learned to appreciate beauty for its own sake, a development which had profound effects on the West as well as on the Japanese and their culture. Noma's book does not dwell on details; it relates Japanese art and architecture to the cultural, historical and religious wellsprings of his people.

AKIYAMA'S book also goes back to proto-historic origins and is a far more homogeneous and detailed account, concentrating as it does on the development of painting.

THE BOXED Pelican volume is distinctly Western: dry and encyclopaedic, but with great attention to detail and detailed architectural drawings, though the black and white illustrations crowded together at the end of the volume are anti-climactical and inadequate; the text deserved better. It contains a specific reference to the understanding that "among the people of Japan (art) has existed not as a superfluous luxury, but an essential pleasure in their way of living."

PHADON'S new large format series has raised a number of unsolved problems. The huge illustrations sit cheek by jowl, fighting each other for attention on facing pages. But there are many other doubts about this particular volume.

The period covered, from the mid-18th century to the 1960s, is unrepresentative. There are far too many works by Kunisada and Kuniyoshi, whose best works belong to the swan song of the Ukiyo-e woodblock print and whose worst works (often by their assistants) herald the rapid decline of the Japanese print, which was virtually dead by the revolution of 1868, even before the foreigners had arrived. Most of what followed was degenerate kitsch, though Illing's text does not admit this. Attempts were made to harness abstract art to the woodprint in the 1960s, but no examples are reproduced.

Kuniyoshi fell foul of Western influences in the end, as can be seen here, but it was widespread shoddy craftsmanship, realistic drawing, and chemical rather than vegetable inks that brought about the sudden death of Ukiyo-e. Yoshitoshi, a pupil of the masters, was the harbinger of all the kitsch.


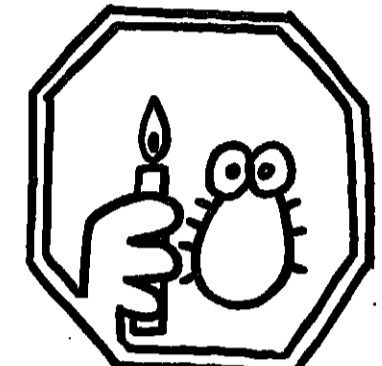
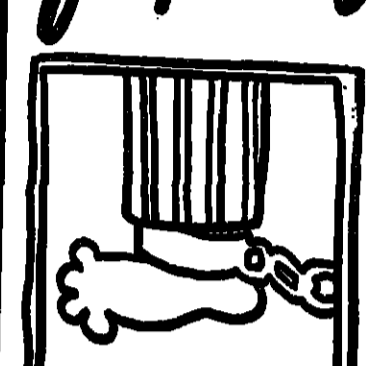

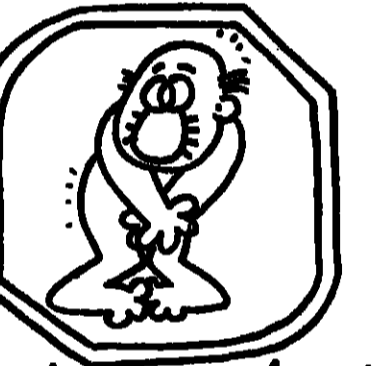
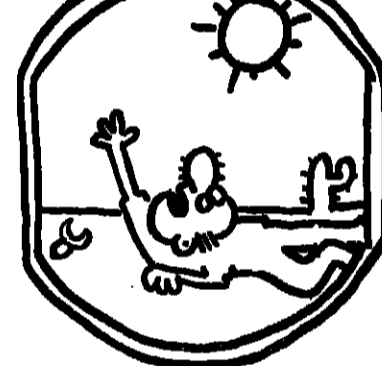

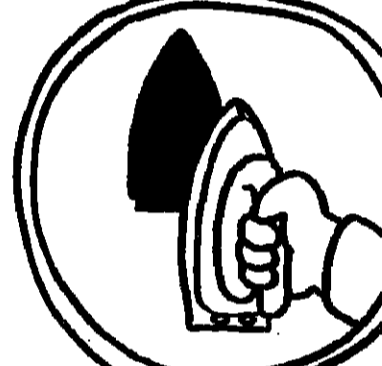
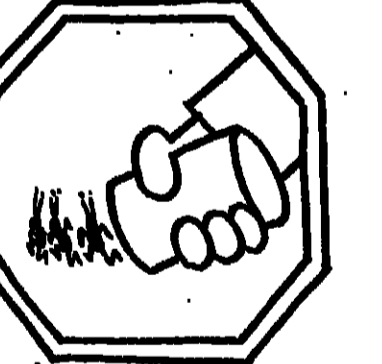


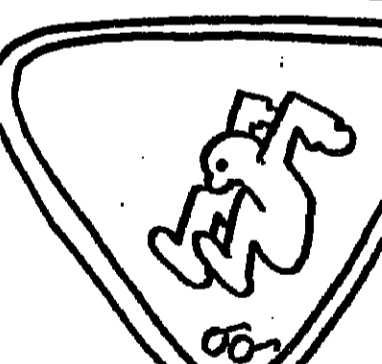
Most of the prints in this book were awful to begin with, but the Italian printers, using hard inks on glossy, non-absorbent paper, have managed to produce the very antithesis of the effect of vegetable colours on *hosho* paper. Worse, a number of the prints have actually been enlarged to fit the page, resulting in their lines being crudely thickened. The only saving grace is the author's notes to the plates, which are informed and informative. □

The Weekend Dry Bones

למה דרייבונס? הנה סיפור קטן על מה שקורה עם המטבעות שלכם. באתר דרייבונס אתם תוכלו לראות את כל המטבעות שלכם. זה לא חלום, זה המציאות. באתר דרייבונס תוכלו לראות את כל המטבעות שלכם. זה לא חלום, זה המציאות. באתר דרייבונס תוכלו לראות את כל המטבעות שלכם. זה לא חלום, זה המציאות.

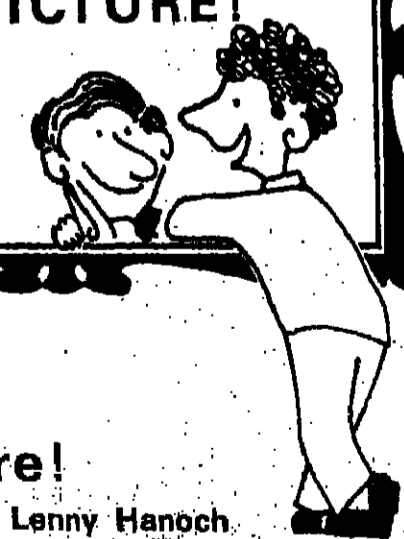
A RECENT NOTE FROM THOSE T.V. LICENSE FEE PEOPLE CARRIED IN ADDITION TO THEIR REGULAR SYMBOL A GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL OF WHAT FATE AWAITS NON-PAYERS OF THEIR BILLS... A LITTLE

Graphic Persuasion

 the phone bill.	 electric bill.	 income tax.	 gas bill.
 clothing store bill.	 water bill.	 restaurant bill.	 cleaning bill.
 exterminator's bill.	 plumbing bill.	 dental bill.	 optometrist bill.

© 1978 by Phaidon Press Ltd. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. WITH THANKS TO JACK R. CARLIN.

WE REMAIN IN THE PICTURE!



Even after you've purchased your TV set at our shop
We're in the picture!
The service laboratory run by Lenny Hanoch provides you with permanent servicing of Electra and Pilot television sets in Jerusalem, and of all instruments bought from us.



Pioneers of quality in the capital
Merkaz Clal, front. Tel. 02-242534

LENNY HANOCH

DOBBIE the DOG

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS...

IN OUR COMPUTERIZED WORLD

EVERYTHING IS COLD AND HEARTLESS.

AND IN THE END YOU'VE GOT TO PAY!

'CAUSE THEY GET YOU BY THE BILLS.

